293

VIVIAN GREY.

"Why then the world's mine oyster,
Which I with sword will open."

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1826.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.

W ... A26.1 293

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

TO

THE BEST AND GREATEST OF MEN

I DEDICATE THESE VOLUMES.

HE, FOR WHOM IT IS INTENDED, WILL ACCEPT AND

APPRECIATE THE COMPLIMENT:

THOSE, FOR WHOM IT IS NOT INTENDED, WILL—

DO THE SAME.

293

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

VIVIAN GREY.

BOOK THE FIRST.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASVATI MAHAL.

VIVIAN GREY.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAP. I.

THE CONSULTATION.

I AM not aware that the infancy of Vivian Grey was distinguished by any extraordinary incident. The solicitude of the most affectionate of mothers, and the care of the most attentive of nurses, did their best to injure an excellent constitution. But Vivian was an only child, and these exertions were therefore excusable. For the first five years of his life, Master

Vivian, with his curly locks and his fancy dress, was the pride of his own, and the envy of all neighbouring establishments; but, in process of time, the horrible spirit of *boyism* began to develope itself, and Vivian not only would brush his hair "strait," and rebel against his nurse, but actually insisted upon being —— breeched! At this crisis it was discovered that he had been *spoiled*, and it was determined that he should be sent to school. Mr. Grey observed, also, that the child was nearly ten years old, and did not know his alphabet, and Mrs. Grey remarked, that he was getting very ugly. The fate of Vivian was decided.

"I am told, my dear," observed Mrs. Grey, one day after dinner to her husband, "I am told, my dear, that Dr. Flummery's would do very well for Vivian. Nothing can exceed the attention which is paid to the pupils. There are sixteen young ladies, all the daughters of clergymen, merely to attend to the morals and

the linen—terms very moderate—100 guineas per annum, for all under six years of age, and few extras, only for fencing, pure milk, and the guitar. Mrs. Metcalfe has both her boys there, and she says their progress is *astonishing*. Percy Metcalfe, she assures me, was quite as backward as Vivian. Ah! indeed, much backwarder; and so was Dudley Metcalfe, who was taught at home on the new system, by a pictorial alphabet, and who persisted to the last, notwithstanding all the exertions of Miss Barrett, in spelling A-P-E—monkey, merely because over the word, there was a monster munching an apple."

"And quite right in the child, my dear—*Pictorial* alphabet!—pictorial fool's head!"

"But what do you say to Flummery's, Grey?"

"My dear, do what you like. I never trouble myself, you know, about these matters;"

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SAR

and Mr. Grey refreshed himself, after this domestic attack, with a glass of claret.

Mr. Grey was a gentleman who had succeeded, when the heat of youth was over, to the enjoyment of a life-interest in an estate of about £2000 per annum. He was a man of distinguished literary abilities, and he had hailed with no slight pleasure, his succession to a fortune, which, though limited in its duration, was still a very great thing for a young *littérateur* about town; not only with no profession, but with a mind utterly unfitted for every species of business. Grey, to the astonishment of his former friends, the wits, made an excellent domestic match; and, leaving the whole management of his household to his lady, felt himself as independent in his magnificent library, as if he had never ceased to be that true freeman, A MAN OF CHAMBERS.

The young Vivian had not, by the cares

which fathers are always heirs to, yet reminded his parent, that boys were any thing else but playthings. The intercourse between father and son was, of course, extremely limited; for Vivian was, as yet, the mother's child; Mr. Grey's parental duties being confined to giving his son a glass of claret *per diem*, pulling his ears with all the awkwardness of literary affection, and trusting to God "that the urchin would never scribble."

"I won't go to school, Mamma," bawled Vivian.

"But you must, my love," answered Mrs. Grey; "all good boys go to school;" and in the plenitude of a mother's love, she tried to make her offspring's hair curl.

"I won't have my hair curl, Mamma; the boys will laugh at me," rebawled the beauty.

"Now who could have told the child that?" monologised Mamma, with all a Mamma's admiration.

"Charles Appleyard told me so—*his* hair curled, and the boys called him *girl*. Papa! give me some more claret—I won't go to school."

CHAPTER II.

PROGRESS.

Three or four years passed over, and the mind of Vivian Grey most astonishingly developed itself. He had long ceased to wear frills, had broached the subject of boots three or four times, made a sad inroad during the holidays in Mr. Grey's aforesaid bottle of claret, and was reported as having once sworn at the footman. The young gentleman began also to hint, during every vacation, that the fellows at Flummery's were somewhat too small for his companionship, and (first bud of puppyism!) the former advocate of *straight hair*, now expended a

portion of his infant income in the purchase of Macassar oil, and began to cultivate his curls. Mrs. Grey could not entertain for a moment, the idea of her son's associating with children, the eldest of whom, (to adopt his own account,) was not above eight years old; so Flummery's, it was determined, he should leave. But where to go? Mr. Grey wished Eton, but his lady was one of those women, whom nothing in the world can persuade that a public school is any thing else but a place where boys are roasted alive; and so with tears, and taunts, and supplications, the point of private education was conceded. As for Vivian himself, he was for Eton, and Winchester, and Harrow, and Westminster, all at once; the only point that he made was, 'not Rugby, it was so devilish blackguard."

At length it was resolved that *the only hope*, should remain at home a season, until some plan should be devised for the cultivation of his promising understanding. During this year, Vi-

THE TAYLOR ...

vian became a somewhat more constant intruder into the library than heretofore; and living so much among books, he was insensibly attached to those silent companions, that speak so eloquently.

How far the character of the parent may influence the character of the child, I leave the metaphysician to decide. Sure I am, that the character of Vivian Grey underwent, at this period of his life, a sensible, a prodigious change. Doubtless, constant communion with a mind highly refined, severely cultivated, and much experienced, cannot but produce a most beneficial impression, even upon a mind formed, and upon principles developed: how infinitely greater must the influence of such communion be upon a youthful heart, ardent, innocent and inexperienced! As Vivian was not to figure in the microcosm of a public school, a place for which, from his temper, he was almost better fitted than any young genius whom the "play-

ing fields" of Eton, or "the hills" of Winton, can remember; there was some difficulty in fixing upon his future Academus. Mr. Grey's two axioms were, first, that no one so young as his son should settle in the metropolis, and that Vivian must consequently not have a private tutor; and, secondly, that all private schools were quite worthless; and, therefore, there was every probability of Vivian not receiving any education whatever.

At length, an exception to axiom second started up in the establishment of the Reverend Everard Dallas. This gentleman was a clergyman of the Church of England, a profound Grecian, and a poor man. He had edited the Alcestis, and married his laundress—lost money by his edition, and his fellowship by his match. In a few days, the hall of Mr. Grey's London mansion was filled with all sorts of portmanteaus, trunks, and travelling cases, directed in a boy's sprawling hand to "Vivian Grey,

Esquire, at the Reverend Everard Dallas, Burnsley Vicarage, Hants."

"God bless you, my boy! write to your mother soon, and remember your Journal."

CHAPTER III.

PRIVATE EDUCATION.

The rumour of the arrival of "a new fellow," circulated with rapidity through the inmates of Burnsley Vicarage, and about fifty young devils were preparing to quiz the new-comer, when the school-room door opened, and Mr. Dallas, accompanied by Vivian, entered.

"A dandy, by Jove!" whispered St. Leger Smith. "What a knowing set out," squeaked Johnson *secundus*. "Mammy-sick," growled Barlow *primus*. This last exclamation was, however, a most scandalous libel, for certainly no being ever stood in a pedagogue's presence

with more perfect *sang froid*, and with a bolder front, than did, at this moment, Vivian Grey.

One principle in Mr. Dallas' *regime*, was always to introduce a new-comer in school-hours. He was thus carried immediately *in medias res*, and the curiosity of his co-mates being in a great degree satisfied, at a time when that curiosity could not personally annoy him, the new-comer was, of course, much better prepared to make his way, when the absence of the ruler became a signal *for some oral conversation* with " the arrival."

However, in the present instance the young savages at Burnsley Vicarage had caught a Tartar; and in a very few days Vivian Grey was decidedly the most popular fellow in the school. He was " so dashing! so devilish good-tempered! so completely up to every thing!" The magnates of the land were certainly rather jealous of his success, but their very sneers bore witness to his popularity. " Cursed puppy," said

St. Leger Smith. "Thinks himself knowing," squeaked Johnson *secundus*. "Thinks himself witty," growled Barlow *primus*.

Notwithstanding this cabal, days rolled on at Burnsley Vicarage only to witness the increase of Vivian's popularity. Although more deficient than most of his own age in accurate classical knowledge, he found himself in talents, and various acquirements, immeasurably their superior. And singular is it, that at school, distinction in such points is ten thousand times more admired by the multitude, than the most profound knowledge of Greek Metres, or the most accurate acquaintance with the value of Roman coins. Vivian Grey's English verses, and Vivian Grey's English themes, were the subject of universal commendation. Some young lads made copies of these productions, to enrich, at the Christmas holidays, their sisters' albums; while the whole

school were scribbling embryo prize-poems, epics of twenty lines on "the Ruins of Pæstum," and "the Temple of Minerva;" "Agrigentum," and "the Cascade of Terni."—I suppose that Vivian's productions at this time, would have been rejected by the commonest twopenny publication about town—yet they turned the brain of the whole school; while fellows who were writing Latin Dissertations, and Greek Odes which might have made the fortune of the Classical Journal, were looked on by the multitude as as great dunderheads as themselves:—and such is the advantage which, even in this artificial world, every thing that is genuine has over every thing that is false and forced. The dunderheads who wrote "*good* Latin," and "Attic Greek," did it by a process, by means of which, the youngest fellow in the school was conscious he could, if he chose, attain at the same perfection. Vivian Grey's

verses were unlike any thing which had yet appeared in the Literary Annals of Burnsley Vicarage, and that which was quite novel was naturally thought quite excellent.

There is no place in the world where greater homage is paid to talent than at an English school. At a public school, indeed, if a youth of great talents is blessed with an amiable and generous disposition, he ought not to envy the minister of England. If any captain of Eton, or præfect of Winchester, is reading these pages, I would most earnestly entreat him dispassionately to consider, in what situation of life he can rationally expect that it will be in his power to exercise such influence, to have such opportunities of obliging others, and be so confident of an *affectionate* and *grateful return.* Aye, there 's the rub!—Bitter, bitter thought! that gratitude should cease the moment we become men.

And sure I am, that Vivian Grey was loved

as ardently, and as faithfully, as you might expect from innocent young hearts. His slight accomplishments were the standard of all perfection; his sayings were the soul of all good fellowship; and his opinion, the guide in any crisis which occurred in the monotonous existence of the little commonwealth. And time flew gaily on.

One winter evening, as Vivian, with some of his particular cronies, was standing round the school-room fire, they began, as all schoolboys do when it grows rather dark, and they grow rather sentimental—to talk of HOME.

" Twelve weeks more," said Augustus Etherege—" twelve weeks more, and we are free! The glorious day should be celebrated."

" A feast, a feast!" exclaimed Poynings.

" A feast is but the work of a night," said Vivian Grey: " something more stirring for me! What say you to private theatricals?"

The proposition was, of course, received with

enthusiasm, and it was not until they had unanimously agreed *to act*, that they universally remembered that acting was *not allowed.* And then they consulted whether they should ask Dallas, and then they remembered that Dallas had been asked fifty times, and then they "supposed they must give it up;" and then Vivian Grey made a proposition which the rest were secretly sighing for, but which they were afraid to make themselves—he proposed that they should act without asking Dallas.—"Well, then, we'll do it without asking him," said Vivian;—"Nothing 's allowed in this life, and every thing is done:—in town there 's a thing called the French play, and that 's not allowed, yet my aunt has got a private box there. Trust me for acting—but what shall we perform?"

This question was, as usual, the fruitful source of jarring opinions. One proposed Othello, chiefly because it would be so easy to black a face with a burnt cork. Another was

for Hamlet, solely because he wanted to act the ghost, which he proposed doing in white shorts, and a night-cap. A third was for Julius Cæsar, because the murder scene " would be *such* fun !"

" No ! no !" said Vivian, tired at these various and varying proposals, " this will never do. Out upon Tragedies; let's have a Comedy !"

" A Comedy ! a Comedy !—oh ! how delightful !"

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER IV

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

After an immense number of propositions, and an equal number of repetitions, Dr. Hoadley's bustling drama was fixed upon. Vivian was to act Ranger, Augustus Etherege was to personate Clarinda, because he was a fair boy and always blushing; and the rest of the characters found able representatives. Every half-holiday was devoted to rehearsals, and nothing could exceed the amusement and thorough fun which all the preparations elicited. Every thing went well—Vivian wrote a most pathetic Prologue, and a most witty Epilogue. Etherege

got on capitally in the mask scene, and Poynings was quite perfect in Jack Meggot. There was, of course, some difficulty in keeping all things in order, but then Vivian Grey was such an excellent manager! and then, with infinite tact, the said manager conciliated the *classiques*, for he allowed St. Leger Smith to select a Greek motto,—from the Andromache, if I remember right,—for the front of the theatre; and Johnson *secundus* and Barlow *primus* were complimented by being allowed to act the chairmen.

But, alas! in the midst of all this sunshine, the seeds of discord and dissension were fast flourishing. Mr. Dallas himself was always so absorbed in some freshly imported German commentator, that it was a fixed principle with him, never to trouble himself with any thing that concerned his pupils, "out of school hours." The consequence was, that certain powers were necessarily delegated to a certain

set of beings called USHERS. In the necessity of employing this horrible race of human beings, consists, in a great measure, the curse of what is called, *private education.* Those, who, in all the fulness of parental love, guard their offspring from the imagined horrors of a public school, forget that, in having recourse to "an Academy for Young Gentlemen," they are *necessarily* placing their children under the influence of *blackguards*; it is of no use to mince the phrase—such is the case. And is not the contagion of these fellows' low habits and loose principles much more to be feared and shunned, than a system, in which, certainly, greater temptations are offered to an imprudent lad; but under whose influence boys usually become gentlemanly in their habits and generous in their sentiments?

The usherian rule had, however, always been comparatively light at Burnsley Vicarage, for the good Dallas never, for a moment, entrust-

ing the duties of tuition to a third person, engaged these deputies merely as a sort of police, to regulate the bodies, rather than the minds, of his youthful subjects. One of the first principles of the new theory introduced into the establishment of Burnsley Vicarage by Mr. Vivian Grey, was, that the ushers were to be considered by the boys as a species of upper servants; were to be treated with civility, certainly, as all servants are by gentlemen; but that no further attention was to be paid them, and that any fellow voluntarily conversing with an usher, was to be *cut dead* by the whole school. This pleasant arrangement was no secret to those whom it most immediately concerned, and, of course, rendered Vivian rather a favourite with them. The men, who were sufficiently *vulgars*, had not the tact to conciliate the boy by a little attention, and were both, notwithstanding, too much afraid of his influence in the school to attack him openly; so they

waited with that patience which insulted beings can alone endure.

One of these creatures must not be forgotten; his name was Mallett; he was a perfect specimen of the genuine usher. The monster wore a black coat and waistcoat; the residue of his costume was of that mysterious colour known by the name of pepper-and-salt. He was a pallid wretch with a pug nose, white teeth, and marked with the small-pox; and long greasy black hair; and small black, beady eyes. This dæmon watched the progress of the theatrical company with eyes gloating with vengeance. No attempt had been made to keep the fact of the rehearsal a secret from the police; no objection, on their part, had as yet been made; the twelve weeks diminished to six; Ranger had secretly ordered a dress from town, and was to get a steel handled sword from Fentum's for Jack Meggot; and every thing was proceeding with unexpected success, when one

morning, as Mr. Dallas was apparently about to take his departure, with a volume of Becker's Thucydides under his arm, the respected Dominie stopped, and thus harangued: "I am informed that a great deal is going on in this family, with which it is intended that I shall be unacquainted. It is not my intention to name any body or any thing at present; but I must say that of late the temper of this family has sadly changed. Whether there be any *seditious stranger* among you or not, I shall not at present even endeavour to discover; but I will warn my *old* friends of their *new* ones:" and so saying, the Dominie withdrew.

All eyes were immediately fixed on Vivian, and the faces of the *Classiques* were triumphant with smiles; those of the manager's particular friends, the *Romantiques*, we may call them, were clouded; but who shall describe the countenance of Mallett? In a moment the school broke up with an agitated and tumultuous

uproar. "No stranger!" shouted St. Leger Smith; "No stranger!" vociferated a prepared gang. Vivian's friends were silent, for they hesitated to accept for their leader the insulting title. Those, who were neither Vivian's friends, nor in the secret, weak creatures who side always with the strongest, immediately swelled the insulting chorus of Mr. St. Leger Smith. That worthy, emboldened by his success and the smiles of Mallett, contained himself no longer: "Down with the manager!" he cried. His satellites chorussed. But now Vivian rushed forward. "Mr. Smith, I thank you for being so definite;—take that!" and he struck Smith with such force that the Cleon staggered and fell; but Smith instantly recovered, and a ring was as instantly formed. To a common observer, the combatants were most unequally matched; for Smith was a burley, big-limbed animal, alike superior to Grey in years and strength. But Vivian, though delicate in frame, and more

youthful, was full his match in spirit, and, thanks to his being a Cockney! ten times his match in science. He had not built a white great coat, nor drunk blue ruin at Ben Burn's for nothing!

Oh! how beautifully he fought! how admirably straight he hit! and his stops quick as lightning! and his *followings up* confounding his adversary with their painful celerity! Smith, alike puzzled and punished, yet proud in his strength, hit round, and wild, and false, and foamed like a furious elephant. For ten successive rounds the result was dubious; but in the eleventh the strength of Smith began to fail, and the men were more fairly matched. "Go it, Ranger!—go it, Ranger!" halloed the Greyites. "No stranger!—no stranger!" eagerly bawled the more numerous party. "Smith's floored, by Jove!" exclaimed Poynings, who was Grey's second. "At it again! at it again!" exclaimed all. And now, when

Smith must certainly have given in, suddenly stepped forward Mr. Mallett, accompanied by —— Dallas! "How, Mr. Grey! No answer Sir; I understand that *you* have always an answer ready. I do not quote Scripture lightly Mr. Grey; but 'Take heed that you offend not, even with your tongue.' Now, Sir, to your room."

When Vivian Grey again joined his companions, he found himself almost universally shunned. Etherege and Poynings were the only individuals who met him with their former frankness. "A horrible row, Grey," said the latter. "After you went, the Doctor harangued the whole school, and swears you have seduced and ruined us all:—every thing was happiness until you came, &c. Mallett is of course at the bottom of the whole business: but what can we do? Dallas says you have the tongue of a serpent, and that he will not trust himself to hear your defence. Infa-

mous shame! I swear! And now every fellow has got a story against you: some say you are a dandy—others want to know, whether the next piece performed at your theatre will be '*The Stranger*;'—as for myself and Etherege, we shall leave in a few weeks, and it does not signify to us; but what the devil you're to do next half, by Jove, I can't say.—If I were you, I would not return." "Not return, eh! but that will I, though; and we shall see who, in future, can complain of the sweetness of my voice! Ungrateful fools!"

MAHARAJA

CHAPTER V.

A NEW FRIEND.

The Vacation was over, and Vivian returned to Burnsley Vicarage. He bowed cavalierly to Mr. Dallas on his arrival, and immediately sauntered up into the school-room, where he found a tolerable quantity of wretches looking as miserable as school-boys, who have left their pleasant homes, generally do, for some four-and-twenty hours. "How d'ye do, Grey?" How d'ye do, Grey?" burst from a knot of unhappy fellows, who would have felt quite delighted, had their newly arrived co-mate condescended to entertain them, as usual, with

some capital good story fresh from town.—But they were disappointed.

"We can make room for you at the fire, Grey," said Theophilus King.

"I thank you, I am not cold."

"I suppose you know that Poynings and Etherege don't come back, Grey?"

"Every body knew that last half:" and so he walked on.

"Grey, Grey!" halloed King, "don't go in the dining-room; Mallett's there alone, and told us not to disturb him. By Jove, the fellow 's going in: there'll be a greater row this half, between Grey and Mallett, than ever."

Days—the heavy first days of the half, rolled on, and all the citizens of the little commonwealth had returned.

"What a dull half this will be!" said Eardley; "how one misses Grey's set!—After all, they kept the school alive: Poynings was a first-rate fellow; and Etherege, so deuced good-

natured! I wonder whom Grey will *crony* with this half! Have you seen him and Dallas speak together yet? He cut the Doctor quite dead at Greek to-day."

"Why, Eardley! Eardley! there 's Grey walking round playing fields with Mallett!" halloed a sawney who was killing the half-holiday by looking out of the window.

"The devil! I say, Matthews, whose flute is that? It 's a devilish handsome one!"

"It's Grey's! I clean it for him," squeaked a little boy. "He gives me sixpence a week!"

"Oh, you sneak!" said one.

"Cut him over!" said another.

"Roast him!" cried a third.

"Whom are you going to take the flute to?" asked a fourth.

"To Mallett," squeaked the little fellow; "Grey lends his flute to Mallett every day."—"Grey lend his flute to Mallett! The deuce he does! So Grey and Mallett are going to *crony*?"

A wild exclamation burst forth from the little party; and away each of them ran, to spread, in all directions, the astounding intelligence.

If the rule of the ushers had hitherto been light at Burnsley Vicarage, its character was materially changed during this half-year. The vexatious and tyrannical influence of Mallett was now experienced in all directions; meeting and interfering with the comforts of the boys, in every possible manner. His malice was accompanied too by a *tact*, which could not have been expected from his vulgar mind, and which, at the same time, could not have been produced by the experience of one in his situation. It was quite evident to the whole community that his conduct was dictated by another mind, and that that mind was one versed in all the secrets of a school-boy's life, and acquainted with all the workings of a school-boy's mind: a species of knowledge which no pedagogue in the world ever yet attained.

There was no difficulty in discovering whose was the power behind the throne. Vivian Grey was the perpetual companion of Mallett in his walks, and even in the school; he shunned also the converse of every one of the boys, and did not affect to conceal that his quarrel was *universal.* Superior power, exercised by a superior mind, was for a long time too much even for the united exertions of the whole school. If any one complained, Mallett's written answer (and such Dallas always required) was immediately ready, explaining every thing in the most satisfactory manner, and refuting every complaint with the most triumphant spirit. Dallas, of course, supported his deputy, and was soon equally detested. This tyranny had continued through a great part of the long half-year, and the spirit of the school was almost broken, when a fresh outrage occurred, of such a nature, that the nearly enslaved multitude conspired.

The plot was admirably formed. On the first bell ringing for school, the door was to be immediately barred, to prevent the entrance of Dallas. Instant vengeance was then to be taken on Mallett and his companion —*the sneak! the spy! the traitor!*— The bell rang: the door was barred: four stout fellows seized on Mallett. four rushed to Vivian Grey: but stop! he sprang upon his desk, and, placing his back against the wall, held a pistol at the foremost! "Not an inch nearer, Smith, or—I fire. Let me not, however, baulk your vengeance on yonder hound: if I could suggest any refinements in torture, they would be at your service." Vivian Grey smiled, while the horrid cries of Mallett indicated that the boys were "*rousting*" him. He then walked to the door, and admitted the barred-out Dominie. Silence was restored. There was an explanation, and no defence; and Vivian Grey was—expelled.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI

CHAPTER VI.

THE CLASSICS.

VIVIAN GREY was now seventeen; and, the system of private education having so decidedly failed, it was resolved that he should spend the years antecedent to his going to Oxford, at home. Nothing could be a greater failure than the first weeks of his "*course of study.*" He was perpetually violating the sanctity of the drawing-room by the presence of Scapulas and Hederics, and outraging the propriety of morning visitors by bursting into his mother's boudoir, with Lexicons and green slippers.

"Vivian, my dear," said his father to him

one day, " this will never do; you must adopt some system for your studies, and some locality for your reading. Have a room to yourself; set apart certain hours in the day for your books, and allow no consideration on earth to influence you to violate their sacredness; and above all, my dear boy, keep your papers in order. I find a Dissertation on 'The Commerce of Carthage,' stuck in my large paper copy of 'Dibdin's Decameron,' and an 'Essay on the Metaphysics of Music' (pray, my dear fellow, beware of magazine-scribbling) cracking the back of Montfaucon's 'Monarchie.' "

Vivian apologized, promised, protested, and finally sat down "TO READ." He had laid the first foundations of accurate classical knowledge under the tuition of the learned Dallas; and twelve hours a-day, and self-banishment from society, overcame, in twelve months, the ill effects of his imperfect education. The result of this extraordinary exertion may easily be

conceived. At the end of twelve months, Vivian, like many other young enthusiasts, had discovered that all the wit and wisdom of the world were concentrated in some fifty antique volumes, and he treated the unlucky moderns with the most sublime spirit of *hauteur* imaginable. A chorus in the Medea, that painted the radiant sky of Attica, disgusted him with the foggy atmosphere of Great Britain; and while Mrs. Grey was meditating a *séjour* at Brighton, her son was dreaming of the gulf of Salamis. The spectre in the Persæ was his only model for a ghost, and the furies in the Agamemnon were his perfection of tragical machinery.

Most ingenious and educated youths have fallen into the same error; but few, I trust, have ever carried such feelings to the excess that Vivian Grey did; for while his mind was daily becoming more enervated under the beautiful but baneful influence of CLASSIC REVERIE, the youth lighted upon PLATO.

Wonderful is it, that while the whole soul of Vivian Grey seemed concentrated and wrapped in the glorious pages of the Athenian,—while, with keen and almost inspired curiosity, he searched, and followed up, and meditated upon, the definite mystery, the indefinite developement,— while his spirit alternately bowed in trembling and in admiration, as he seemed to be listening to the secrets of the Universe revealed in the glorious melodies of an immortal voice;—wonderful is it, I say, that the writer, the study of whose works appeared to the young scholar, in the revelling of his enthusiasm, to be the sole object for which man was born and had his being, was the cause by which Vivian Grey was saved from being all his life a dreaming scholar.

Determined to spare no exertions, and to neglect no means, by which he might enter into the very *penetralia* of his mighty master's meaning, Vivian determined to attack the latter Platon-

ists. These were a race of men with whom he was perfectly unacquainted, and of whose existence he knew merely by the references to their productions, which were sprinkled in the commentaries of his "best editions." In the pride of boyish learning, Vivian had limited his library to Classics, and the proud leaders of the later schools did not consequently grace his diminutive book-case. In this dilemma he flew to his father, and confessed by his request that his favourites were not all-sufficient.

"Father! I wish to make myself master of the latter Platonists. I want Plotinus, and Porphyry, and Iamblichus, and Syrianus, and Maximus Tyrius, and Proclus, and Hierocles, and Sallustius, and Damascius."

Mr. Grey stared at his son, and burst into a fit of laughter.

"My dear Vivian! are you quite convinced that the authors you ask for are all *pure* Platonists? or have not some of them placed the

great end rather in *practical* than *theoretic* virtue, and thereby violated the first principles of your master, which would be very shocking! Are you sure, too, that these gentlemen have actually 'withdrawn the sacred veil, which covers from profane eyes the luminous spectacles?' Are you quite convinced that every one of these worthies lived at least five hundred years after the great master; for I need not tell so profound a Platonist as yourself, that it was not till that period that even glimpses of the great master's meaning were discovered. Strange! that TIME should alike favour the philosophy of theory, and the philosophy of facts. Mr. Vivian Grey, benefiting, I presume, by the lapse of further centuries, is about to complete the great work which Proclus and Porphyry commenced."

"My dear sir, you are pleased to be very amusing this morning."

"My dear boy! I smile, but not with joy.

sit down, and let us have a little conversation together. Father and son, and father and son on such terms as we are, should really communicate oftener together than we do. It has been, perhaps, *my* fault; it shall not be so again."

"My dear sir!"

"Nay, nay, it *shall* be my fault *now*. Whose it shall be in *future*, Vivian, time will show. My dear Vivian, you have now spent upwards of a year under this roof, and your conduct has been as correct as the most rigid parent might require. I have not wished to interfere with the progress of your mind, and I regret it. I have been negligent, but not wilfully so. I *do* regret it; because, whatever may be your powers, Vivian, I at least have the advantage of *experience*. I see you smile at a word which I so often use. Well, well, were I to talk to you for ever, you would not understand what I mean by that *single word*. The time *will* come, when you will deem that

single word—every thing. Ardent young men in their closets, Vivian, too often fancy that they are peculiar beings; and I have no reason to believe that you are an exception to the general rule. In passing one whole year of your life, as you have done, you doubtless imagine that you have been spending your hours in a manner which no others have done before. Trust me, my boy, thousands have done the same; and, what is of still more importance, thousands *are doing*, and *will do* the same. Take the advice of one who has committed as many, ay, more follies than yourself; but who would bless the hour that he had been a fool, if his experience might be of benefit to his beloved son."

"My father!"

"Nay, nay, don't agitate yourself; we are consulting together. Let us see what is to be done. Endeavour to discover, when you are alone, what are the chief objects of your exist-

ence in this world. I want you to take no theological dogmas for granted, nor to satisfy your doubts by ceasing to think; but, whether we are in this world in a state of probation for another, or whether we cease altogether when we cease to breathe, human feelings tell me that we have some duties to perform,—to our fellow-creatures—to our friends—to ourselves. Pray, tell me, my dear boy, what possible good your perusal of the latter Platonists can produce to either of these three interests? I trust that *my* child is not one of those who look with a glazed eye on the welfare of their fellow men, and who would dream away an useless life by idle puzzles of the brain;—creatures who consider their existence as an unprofitable mystery, and yet are afraid to die. You will find Plotinus in the fourth shelf of the next room, Vivian. Good morning to you."

[library stamp]

CHAPTER VII.

THE CLASSICS.

THE communications between father and son after this day were very constant; and for some weeks Vivian employed his time rather in conversing with his father, than with *books.* It must not be concealed (and when the fact is stated, it must not be conceived that Vivian's mind was a weak one) that his *fixed principles* became daily loosened, and that his opinions were very soon considerably modified. He speedily began to discover that there were *classics* in other languages besides Greek and Latin, and patient inquiry and dispassionate ex-

amination soon convinced him of the futility of that mass of insanity and imposture—the Greek philosophy. Introduced to that band of noble spirits, the great poets, and legislators, and philosophers of modern Europe, the mind of Vivian Grey recovered, in a study of their immortal writings, a great portion of its original freshness and primal vigour. Nor in his new worship did he blaspheme against the former objects of his adoration. He likened the ancient and the new literatures to the two Dispensations of Holy Writ:—the one arose to complete the other. Æschylus was to him not less divine, because Shakspeare was immortal; nor did he deny the inspiration of Demosthenes, because he recognised in Burke the divine *afflatus*. The ancient literature, lost in corruption, degraded, and forgotten, ceased to benefit society; the new literature arose. It hurled from "the high places," the idols of corrupt understandings and perverted taste; but

while "it purified the altars of the Lord," while it commanded our reverence and our gratitude, the new literature itself vailed to the first grey Fathers of the human mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOCIETY.

In England, personal distinction is the only passport to the society of the great. Whether this distinction arise from fortune, family, or talent, is immaterial; but certain it is, to enter into high society, a man must either have blood, a million, or a genius.

Neither the fortune nor the family of Mr. Grey entitled him to mix in any other society than that of, what is, in common parlance, termed, the middling classes; but from his distinguished literary abilities he had always found himself an honoured guest among the

A216·1

powerful and the great. It was for this reason that he had always been anxious that his son should be at home as little as possible; for he feared for a youth the fascination of London society. Although busied with his studies, and professing "not to visit," Vivian could not avoid occasionally finding himself in company, in which *boys* should never be seen; and, what was still worse, from a certain *esprit de société*, an indefinable *tact*, with which Nature had endowed him, this boy of nineteen began to think this society very delightful. Most persons of his age would have passed through the ordeal with perfect safety: they would have entered certain rooms, at certain hours, with stiff cravats, and Nugee coats, and black velvet waistcoats; and after having annoyed all those who condescended to know of their existence, with their red hands, and their white kid gloves, they would have retired to a corner of the room,

and conversationised with any stray four year older not yet sent to bed.

But Vivian Grey was an elegant, lively lad, with just enough of dandyism to preserve him from committing *gaucheries*, and with a devil of a tongue. All men, I am sure, will agree with me when I say, that the only rival to be feared by a man of spirit is—a clever boy.—What makes them so popular with the women, it is not for me to explain ; however, Lady Julia Knighton, and Mrs. Frank Delmington, and half a score of dames of fashion, (and some of them very pretty!) were always patronizing our hero, who really found an evening spent in their company not altogether dull ; for there is no fascination so irresistible to a boy, as the smile of a married woman. Vivian had really passed such a recluse life for the last two years and a half, that he had quite forgotten that he was once considered a very fascinating fellow ; and so, determined to discover what right he

ever had to such a reputation, master Vivian entered into all those amourettes in very beautiful style.

But Vivian Grey was a young and tender plant in a moral hot-house. His character was developing itself too soon. Although his evenings were now generally passed in the manner we have alluded to, this boy was, during the rest of the day, a hard and indefatigable student; and having now got through an immense series of historical reading, he had stumbled upon a branch of study certainly the most delightful in the world,—but, for a boy, as certainly the most pernicious,—THE STUDY OF POLITICS.

And now every thing was solved! the inexplicable longings of his soul, which had so often perplexed him, were at length explained. The *want*, the indefinable *want*, which he had so constantly experienced, was at last supplied; the grand object on which to bring the

powers of his mind to bear and work was at last provided. He paced his chamber in an agitated spirit, and panted for the Senate.

It will be asked, what was the evil of all this? and the reader will, perhaps, murmur something about an honourable spirit and youthful ambition. Ah! I once thought so myself—but the evil is *too* apparent. The time drew nigh for Vivian to leave for Oxford—that is, for him to *commence* his long preparation for entering on his career in life. And now this person, who was about to be a *pupil*—this boy, this stripling, who was going to begin his education,—had all the feelings of a matured mind—of an experienced man; was already a cunning reader of human hearts; and felt conscious, from experience, that his was a tongue which was born to guide human beings. The idea of Oxford to such an individual was an insult!

CHAPTER IX.

THE NEW THEORY.

I MUST endeavour to trace, if possible, more accurately the workings of Vivian Grey's mind at this period of his existence. In the plenitude of his ambition, he stopped one day to inquire in what manner he could obtain his magnificent ends.

"THE BAR—pooh! law and bad jokes till we are forty; and then, with the most brilliant success, the prospect of gout and a coronet. Besides, to succeed as an advocate, I must be a great lawyer; and, to be a great lawyer, I must give up my chance of being a great man. THE SERVICES in war time are

fit only for desperadoes (and that truly am I); but, in peace, are fit only for fools. THE CHURCH is more rational. Let me see: I should certainly like to act Wolsey; but the thousand and one chances against me! And truly I feel *my* destiny should not be on a chance. Were I the son of a Millionaire, or a noble, I might have *all*. Curse on my lot! that the want of a few rascal counters, and the possession of a little rascal blood, should mar my fortunes!"

Such was the general tenor of Vivian's thoughts, until, musing himself almost into madness, he at last made, as he conceived, the GRAND DISCOVERY. "*Riches are Power*, says the Economist:—and is not *Intellect*? asks the philosopher. And yet, while the influence of the Millionaire is instantly felt in all classes of society, how is it that 'Noble Mind' so often leaves us unknown and unhonoured? Why have there been statesmen who have never

ruled, and heroes who have never conquered? Why have glorious philosophers died in a garret? and why have there been poets whose only admirer has been Nature in her echoes? It must be that these beings have thought only of themselves, and, constant and elaborate students of their own glorious natures, have forgotten or disdained the study of all others. Yes! we must mix with the herd; we must enter into their feelings; we must humour their weaknesses; we must sympathise with the sorrows that we do not feel; and share the merriment of fools. Oh, yes! to *rule* men, we must *be* men; to prove that we are strong, we must be weak; to prove that we are giants, we must be dwarfs: even as the Eastern Genie was hid in the charmed bottle. Our wisdom must be concealed under folly, and our constancy under caprice.

"I have been often struck by the ancient tales of Jupiter's visits to the earth. In these fanci-

ful adventures, the God bore no indication of the Thunderer's glory; but was a man of low estate, a herdsman, or other hind; and often even an animal. A mighty spirit has in *Tradition*, Time's great moralist, perused 'the wisdom of the ancients.' Even in the same spirit, I would explain Jove's terrestrial visitings. For, to govern man, even the God appeared to feel as a man; and sometimes as a beast, was apparently influenced by their vilest passions. Mankind, then, is my great game.

"At this moment, how many a powerful noble wants only wit to be a Minister; and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end? That noble's influence. When two persons can so materially assist each other, why are they not brought together? Shall I, because my birth baulks my fancy—shall I pass my life a moping misanthrope in an old château? Supposing I am in contact with this magnifico, am I prepared? Now, let me probe my very soul.

Does my cheek blanch? I have the mind for the conception; and I can perform right skilfully upon the most splendid of musical instruments—the human voice—to make those conceptions beloved by others. There wants but one thing more—*courage*, pure, perfect courage;—and does Vivian Grey know fear?" He laughed an answer of bitterest derision.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJAH SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

CHAPTER X.

A LOUNGE.

Is any one surprised that Vivian Grey, with a mind teeming with such feelings, should view the approach of the season for his departure to Oxford, with sentiments of thorough disgust? After many hours of bitter meditation he sought his father; he made him acquainted with his feelings, but concealed from him his actual views, and dwelt on the misery of being thrown back in life, at a period when society seemed instinct with a spirit peculiarly active, and when so many openings were daily offered to the adventurous and the bold.

"Vivian," said Mr. Grey, "beware of endeavouring to be a great man in a hurry. One such attempt in ten thousand may succeed: these are fearful odds. Admirer as you are of Lord Bacon, you may perhaps remember a certain parable of his, called 'Memnon, or a youth too forward.' I hope you are not going to be one of those sons of Aurora, 'who, puffed up with the glittering show of vanity and ostentation, attempt actions above their strength.'

"You talk to me about the peculiarly active spirit of society; if the spirit of society be so peculiarly active, Mr. Vivian Grey should beware lest it outstrip him. Is neglecting to mature your mind, my boy, exactly the way to win the race? This is an age of unsettled opinions and contested principles:—in the very measures of our administration, the speculative spirit of the present day is, to say the least, not impalpable. Nay, don't start, my dear

fellow, and look the very Prosopopeia of Political Economy! I know exactly what you're going to say, but if you please we 'll leave Turgot and Galileo to Mr. Canning and the House of Commons, or your cousin Hargrave and his Debating Society. However, jesting apart, get your hat, and walk with me as far as Evans's; where I have promised to look in, to see the Mazarin Bible, and we 'll talk this affair over as we go along.

"I am no bigot you know, Vivian. I am not one of those who wish to oppose the application of refined philosophy to the common business of life. We are, I hope, an improving race; there is room, I am sure, for great improvement, and the perfectibility of man is certainly a very pretty dream. (How well that Union Club House comes out now, since they have made the opening;) but, although we may have steam kitchens, human nature is, I imagine, much the same this moment that we are

walking Pall-Mall East, as it was some thousands of years ago, when as wise men were walking on the banks of the Ilyssus. When our moral powers increase in proportion to our physical ones, then huzza for the perfectibility of man! and respectable, idle loungers, like you and I, Vivian, may then have a chance of walking in the streets of London without having their heels trodden upon; a ceremony which I have this moment undergone. In the present day we are all studying science, and none of us are studying ourselves. This is not exactly the Socratic process; and as for the γνωθι σεαυτον of the more ancient Athenian, that principle is quite out of fashion in the *nineteenth century* (I believe that 's the phrase). Self is the only person whom we know nothing about.

"But, my dear Vivian, as to the immediate point of our consideration:—in my library, uninfluenced and uncontrolled by passion or by party, I cannot but see that it is utterly impos-

sible that all that we are wishing and striving for can take place, without some—without much evil. In ten years' time, perhaps, or less, the fever will have subsided, and in ten years' time, or less, your intellect will be matured. Now, my good Sir, instead of talking about the active spirit of the age, and the opportunities offered to the adventurous and the bold, ought you not rather to congratulate yourself, that a great change is being effected, at a period of your life when you need not, individually, be subjected to the possibility of being injured by its operation; and when you are preparing your mind to take advantage of the system, when that system is matured and organized?

"As to your request, it assuredly is one of the most modest, and the most rational, that I have lately been favoured with. Although I would much rather that any influence which I may exercise over your mind, should be the effect of my advice as your friend, than of my

authority as your father; still I really feel it my duty, parentally, to protest against this very crude proposition of yours. However, if you choose to lose a term or two, do. Don't blame me, you know, if afterwards you repent it."

Here dashed by the gorgeous equipage of Mrs. Ormolu, the wife of a man who was working all the gold and silver mines in Christendom. "Ah! my dear Vivian," said Mr. Grey, "it is *this* which has turned all your brains. In this age every one is striving to make an immense fortune, and, what is most terrific, at the same time, a speedy one. This thirst for sudden wealth it is, which engenders the extravagant conceptions, and fosters that wild spirit of speculation which is now stalking abroad; and which, like the Dæmon in Frankenstein, not only fearfully wanders over the whole wide face of nature, but grins in the imagined solitude of our secret chambers. Oh! my son, it is for the young men of the present day that I trem-

ble—seduced by the temporary success of a few children of fortune, I observe that their minds recoil from the prospects which are held forth by the ordinary, and, mark me,—by the *only* modes of acquiring property—fair trade, and honourable professions. It is for you and your companions that I fear. God grant! that there may not be a moral as well as a political disorganization! God grant! that our youth, the hope of our state, may not be lost to us! For, oh! my son, the wisest has said—'He that maketh haste to be rich, shall not be innocent.' Let us step into Clarke's and take an ice."

BOOK THE SECOND.

BOOK THE SECOND.

CHAP. I.

THE MARQUESS OF CARABAS.

THE Marquess of Carabas started in life as the cadet of a noble family. The earl, his father, like the woodman in the fairy tale, was blessed with three sons—the first was an idiot, and was destined for the Coronet; the second was a man of business, and was educated for the Commons; the third was a *Roué*, and was shipped to the Colonies.

The present Marquess, then the Honourable Sidney Lorraine, prospered in his political career. He was servile, and pompous, and indefatigable, and talkative—so whispered the world:—his friends hailed him as, at once, a courtier and a sage, a man of business, and an orator. After revelling in his fair proportion of commissionerships, and under-secretaryships, and the rest of the milk and honey of the political Canaan, the apex of the pyramid of his ambition was at length visible, for Sidney Lorraine became President of a board, and *wriggled* into the adylum of the cabinet.

At this moment his idiot brother died. To compensate for his loss of office, and to secure his votes, the Earl of Carabas was promoted in the peerage, and was presented with some magnificent office—meaning nothing, swelling with dignity, and void of duties. As years rolled on, various changes took place in the adminis-

tration, of which his Lordship was once a component part; and the ministry, to their surprise, getting popular, found that the command of the Carabas interest was not of such vital importance to them as heretofore, and so his Lordship was voted a bore, and got shelved. Not that his Lordship was bereaved of his splendid office, or that any thing occurred, indeed, by which the *uninitiated* might have been led to suppose that the beams of his Lordship's consequence were shorn; but the Marquess's secret application at the Treasury were no longer listened to; and pert under-secretaries settled their cravats, and whispered "that the Carabas interest was gone by."

The most noble Marquess was not insensible to his situation, for he was what the world calls *ambitious;* but the vigour of his faculties had vanished beneath the united influence of years and indolence and ill-humour; for his Lordship,

MAHARAJA SERFOJI

to avoid *ennui*, had quarrelled with his son, and then having lost his only friend, had quarrelled with himself.

Such was the distinguished individual who graced, one day at the latter end of the season of 18—, the classic board of Horace Grey, Esquire. The reader will, perhaps, be astonished, that such a man as his Lordship, should be the guest of such a man as our hero's father; but the truth is, the Marquess of Carabas had just been disappointed in an attempt on the chair of the President of the Royal Society; which, for want of something better to do, he was ambitious of filling, and this was a conciliatory visit to one of the most distinguished members of that body, and one who had voted against him with particular enthusiasm. The Marquess, still a politician, was now, as he imagined, securing his host's vote for a future St. George's day.

The *cuisine* of Mr. Grey was *superbe;* for

although an enthusiastic advocate for the cultivation of the mind, he was an equally ardent supporter of the cultivation of the body. Indeed, the necessary dependence of the sanity of the one on the good keeping of the other, was one of his most favourite theories, and one which, this day, he was supporting with very pleasant and facetious reasoning. His Lordship was delighted with his new friend, and still more delighted with his new friend's theory. The Marquess himself was, indeed, quite of the same opinion as Mr. Grey; for he never made a speech without previously taking a sandwich, and would have sunk under the estimates a thousand times, had it not been for the juicy friendship of the fruit of Portugal.

The guests were not numerous. A regius professor of Greek; an officer just escaped from Sockatoo; a man of science, and two M. P.'s with his Lordship; the host, and Mr. Vivian Grey, constituted the party. Oh, no! there

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

were two others. There was a Mr. John Brown, a fashionable poet, and who, ashamed of his own name, published his melodies under the more euphonious and romantic title of "*Clarence Devonshire*," and there was a Mr. Thomas Smith, a fashionable novelist;—that is to say, a person who occasionally publishes three volumes, one-half of which contain the adventures of a young gentleman in the country; and the other volume and a-half, the adventures of the same young gentleman in the metropolis;—a sort of writer, whose constant tattle about beer and billiards, and eating soup, and the horribility of "*committing*" puns, give truly a most admirable and accurate idea of the conversation of the refined society of the refined metropolis of Great Britain. These two last gentlemen were "*pets*" of Mrs. Grey.

The conversation may be conceived. Each person was of course prepared with a certain quota of information, without which no man in

London is morally entitled *to dine out;* and when the quota was expended, the amiable host took the burthen upon his own shoulders, and endeavoured, as the phrase goes, "*to draw out*" his guests.

Oh, London dinners! empty artificial nothings! and that beings can be found, and those too the flower of the land, who, day after day, and day after day, can act the same parts in the same dull, dreary farce! The officer had discoursed sufficiently about "his intimate friend, the Soudan," and about the chain armour of the Sockatoo cuirassiers; and one of the M. P.'s, who was in the Guards, had been defeated in a ridiculous attempt to prove, that the breast-plates of the household troops of Great Britain were superior to those of the household troops of Timtomtamtomtoo. Mrs. Grey, to whose opinion both parties deferred, gave it in favour of the Soudan. And the man of science had lectured about a machine

which might destroy fifteen square feet of human beings in a second, and yet be carried in the waistcoat-pocket. And the *Classique*, who, for a professor, was quite a man of the world, had the latest news of the new Herculaneum process, and was of opinion that, if they could but succeed in unrolling a certain suspicious-looking scroll, we might be so fortunate as to possess a minute treatise on &c., &c., &c. In short, all had said their say. There was a dead pause, and Mrs. Grey looked at her husband and rose.

How singular it is, that when this move takes place every one appears to be relieved, and yet every one of any experience must be aware that the *dead bore* work is only about to commence. Howbeit, all filled their glasses, and the Peer, at the top of the table, began to talk politics. I am sure that I cannot tell what the weighty subject was that was broached by the ex-minister; for I did not dine with Grey

that day; and had I done so, I should have been equally ignorant; for I'm a dull man, and always sleep at dinner. However, the subject was political, the claret flew round, and a stormy argument commenced. The Marquess was decidedly wrong, and was sadly badgered by the civil M. P. and the Professor. The host, who was of no party, supported his guest as long as possible, and then left him to his fate. The military M. P. fled to the drawing-room to philander with Mrs. Grey; and the man of science and the African had already retired to the intellectual idiotism of a May Fair "At Home." The novelist was silent, for he was studying a scene—and the poet was absent, for he was *musing* a sonnet.

The Marquess refuted, had recourse to contradiction, and was too acute a man to be insensible to the forlornness of his situation; when, at this moment, a voice proceeded from the end of the table, from a young gentleman,

who had hitherto preserved a profound silence, but whose silence, if the company were to have judged from the tones of his voice, and the matter of his communication, did not altogether proceed from a want of confidence in his own abilities. "In my opinion," said Mr. Vivian Grey, as he sat lounging in his father's vacated seat—"in my opinion, his Lordship has been misunderstood; and it is, as is generally the case, from a slight verbal misconception in the commencement of this argument, that the whole of this difference arises."

The eyes of the Marquess sparkled—and the mouth of the Marquess was closed. He was delighted that his reputation might yet be saved; but as he was not perfectly acquainted how that salvation was to be effected, he prudently left the battle to his youthful champion.

Mr. Vivian Grey proceeded with the utmost *sang froid:* he commented upon expressions, split and subtilized words, insinuated opinions,

and finally quoted a whole passage of Bolingbroke to prove that the opinion of the most noble the Marquess of Carabas was one of the soundest, wisest, and most convincing of opinions that ever was promulgated by mortal man. The tables were turned, the guests looked astounded, the Marquess settled his ruffles, and perpetually exclaimed, "*Exactly* what I meant!" and his opponents, full of wine, and quite puzzled, gave in.

It was a rule with Vivian Grey, never to advance any opinion *as his own*. He had been too deep a student of human nature, not to be aware that the opinions of a boy of twenty, however sound, and however correct, stood but a poor chance of being adopted by his elder, though feebler, fellow-creatures. In attaining any end, it was therefore his system always to advance his opinion as that of some eminent and considered personage; and when, under the sanction of this name, the opinion or advice was

entertained and listened to, Vivian Grey had no fear that he could prove its correctness and its expediency. He possessed also the singular faculty of being able to *improvise quotations*, that is, he could unpremeditatedly clothe his conceptions in language characteristic of the style of any particular author: and Vivian Grey was reputed in the world as having the most astonishing memory that ever existed; for there was scarcely a subject of discussion in which he did not gain the victory, by the great names he enlisted on his side of the argument. His father was aware of the existence of this dangerous faculty, and had often remonstrated with his son on the use of it. On the present occasion, when the buzz had somewhat subsided, Mr. Grey looked smiling to his son, and said: "Vivian, my dear, can you tell me in what work of Bolingbroke I can find the eloquent passage you have just quoted?"—"Ask Mr. Hargrave, Sir," replied the son, with tne

most perfect coolness; then, turning to the member: "You know, Mr. Hargrave, you are reputed the most profound political student in the House, and more intimately acquainted than any other person with the works of Bolingbroke."

Mr. Hargrave knew no such thing;—but he was a weak man, and, seduced by the compliment, he was afraid to prove himself unworthy of it by confessing his ignorance of the passage.

Coffee was announced.

Vivian did not let the Peer escape him in the drawing-room. He soon managed to enter into conversation with him; and certainly the Marquess of Carabas never found a more entertaining companion. Vivian discoursed on a new Venetian liqueur, and taught the Marquess how to mull Moselle, an operation of which the Marquess had never heard (as who has?); and then the flood of anecdotes, and little innocent personalities, and the compliments so exqui-

sitely introduced, that they scarcely appeared to be compliments; and the voice so pleasant, and conciliating, and the quotation from the Marquess's own speech! and the wonderful art of which the Marquess was *not* aware, by which, during all this time, the lively, chattering, amusing, elegant conversationist, so full of scandal, politics, and cookery, did not so much appear to be Mr. Vivian Grey as the Marquess of Carabas himself.

"Well, I must be gone," said the fascinated noble; "I really have not felt in such spirits for some time; I almost fear I have been vulgar enough to be amusing, eh! eh! eh!—but you young men are sad fellows, eh! eh! eh!—Don't forget to call on me—good evening! and Mr. Vivian Grey! Mr. Vivian Grey!" said his Lordship returning, "you'll not forget the receipt you promised me for making tomahawk punch."

"Certainly not, my Lord," said the young

man; — "only it must be invented first," thought Vivian, as he took up his light to retire. "But never mind, never mind;—

Chapeau bas! chapeau bas!
Gloire au Marquis de Carabas!!"

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL LIBRARY

CHAPTER II.

THE RECEIPT.

A FEW days after the dinner at Mr. Grey's, as the Marquess of Carabas was sitting in his library, and sighing, in the fulness of his ennui, as he looked on his large library-table, once triply covered with official communications, now thinly besprinkled with a stray parliamentary paper or two, his steward's accounts, and a few letters from some grumbling tenants; Mr. Vivian Grey was announced.

"I fear I am intruding on your Lordship, but I really could not refrain from bringing you the receipt I promised."

"Most happy too see ye, most happy to see ye."

"This is exactly the correct receipt, my Lord. TO EVERY TWO BOTTLES OF STILL CHAMPAIGNE, ONE PINT OF CURAÇOA." The Peer's eyes glistened, and his companion proceeded; "ONE PINT OF CURAÇOA; CATCH THE AROMA OF A POUND OF GREEN TEA, AND DASH THE WHOLE WITH GLENLIVET."

"Splendid!" ejaculated the Marquess.

"The nice point, however, which it is possible to define in a receipt, is *catching the Aroma*. What sort of a genius is your Lordship's gastrical *chef*?"

"Splendid!" re-ejaculated the Marquis; "Laporte *is* a genius."

"Well, my Lord! I shall be most happy to superintend the first concoction for you; and remember particularly," said Vivian, rising, "remember, it must be *iced*."

"Certainly, my dear fellow: but pray don't think of going yet."

"I am very sorry, my Lord; but such a pressure of engagements—your Lordship's kindness is so great, and, really, I fear, that *at this moment especially*, your Lordship can scarcely be in a humour for my trifling."

"Why this moment *especially*, Mr. Vivian Grey?"

"Oh, my Lord! I am perfectly aware of your Lordship's talents for business; but still I had conceived, that the delicate situation in which your Lordship is *now* placed, requiring such anxious attention, such ——"

"Delicate situation! anxious attention! why man! you speak riddles. I certainly have a great deal of business to transact: people are so obstinate, or so foolish, they will consult me, certainly,—and certainly I feel it my duty, Mr. Vivian Grey,—I feel it the duty, Sir, of every Peer in this happy country (here his Lordship got parliamentary);—yes, Sir, I feel it due to my character, to my family, to—to—to assist

with my advice, all those who think fit to consult me." Splendid peroration!

"Oh, my Lord!" carelessly remarked Vivian, "I thought it was a mere *on dit*."

"Thought *what*, my dear Sir, you really quite perplex me."

"I mean to say, my Lord—I, I thought it was impossible the overtures had been made."

"Overtures, Mr. Vivian Grey?"

"Yes, my Lord! Overtures—hasn't your Lordship seen the Post?—but I knew it was impossible,—I said so, I ——"

"Said *what*, Mr. Vivian Grey?"

"Said that the whole paragraph was unfounded."

"*Paragraph!* what paragraph?" and his Lordship rose, and rang the library bell, with a vehemence worthy of a Marquess—"Sadler, bring me the Morning Post."

The servant entered with the paper: Mr. Vivian Grey seized it from his hands before it reached the Marquess, and glancing his eye

over it, with the rapidity of lightning, doubled up the sheet in a convenient readable form, and pushing it into his Lordship's hands, exclaimed, "There, my Lord! there, that will explain *all*."

His Lordship read:—

"We are informed that some alteration in the composition of the present administration is in contemplation; Lord Past Century, it is said, will retire; Mr. Liberal Principles will have the ———; and Mr. Charlatan Gas the ———. A noble peer, whose practised talents have already benefited the nation, and who, on vacating his seat in the Cabinet, was elevated in the peerage, is reported as having had certain overtures made him, the nature of which may be conceived; but which, under the present circumstances, it would be indelicate in us to hint at."

It would have been impossible for a hawk to have watched its quarry with eyes of more fixed and anxious earnestness, than did Vivian Grey

the Marquess of Carabas, as his Lordship's eyes wandered over the paragraph. Vivian drew his chair close to the table opposite to the Marquess, and when the paragraph was read, their eyes met.

"Utterly untrue," whispered the peer with an agitated voice, and with a countenance which, for a moment, seemed intellectual. "But why, Mr. Vivian Grey should deem the fact of such overtures having been made, '*impossible*,' I confess, astonishes me."

"*Impossible*, my Lord!"

"Ay, Mr. Grey, *impossible*, that was your word."

"Oh, my Lord! what should I know about these matters?"

"Nay, nay, Mr. Grey, something must have been floating in your mind—why *impossible*, why *impossible?* Did your father think so?"

"My father! Oh! no, he never thinks about these matters; our's is not a political family; I'm not sure that he ever looks at a newspaper."

"But, my dear Mr. Grey, you would not have used the word without having some meaning. *Why* did you think it impossible? *impossible* is such a peculiar word." And here the Marquess looked up with great earnestness to a portrait of himself, which hung over the fire-place. It was one of Sir Thomas's happiest efforts; but it was not the happiness of the likeness, nor the beauty of the painting, which now attracted his Lordship's attention; he thought only of the costume in which he appeared in that portrait—*the court dress of a Cabinet Minister;*—"*Impossible*, Mr. Grey, you must confess is a *very* peculiar word," reiterated his Lordship.

"I said *impossible*, my Lord, because I *did* conceive, that had your Lordship been of a disposition, to which such overtures might have been made with any *probability* of success, the Marquess of Carabas would have been in a situation which would have precluded the

possibility of those overtures being made at all."

"Hah!" and the Marquess nearly started from his seat.

"Yes, my Lord, I am a young, an inexperienced young man, ignorant of the world's ways; doubtless I was wrong, but I have much to learn," and his voice faltered; "but I did conceive, that having power at his *command*, the Marquess of Carabas did not exercise it, merely because he despised it:—but what should *I* know of such matters, my Lord?"

"Is power a thing *so easily* to be despised, young man?" asked the Marquess. His eye rested on a vote of thanks from the "Merchants and Bankers of London to the Right Honourable Sidney Lorraine, President, &c. &c. &c." which, splendidly emblazoned, and gilt, and framed, and glazed, was suspended opposite the President's portrait.

"Oh, no! my Lord, you do mistake me,"

eagerly burst forth Vivian, "I am no cold-blooded philosopher, that would despise *that*, for which, in my opinion, men, *real* men, should alone exist. Power! Oh! what sleepless nights, what days of hot anxiety! what exertions of mind and body! what travel! what hatred! what fierce encounters! what dangers of all possible kinds, would I not endure with a joyous spirit to gain it! But such, my Lord, I thought were feelings peculiar to inexperienced young men; and seeing you, my Lord, so situated, that you might command *all and every thing*, and yet living as you *do*, I was naturally led to believe that the object of my adoration was a vain glittering bauble, which those who could possess knew the utter worthlessness of."

The peer sat in a musing mood, playing the Devil's tattoo on the library table; at last, he raised his eyes from the French varnish, and said to Vivian, in a low whisper, "Are you

so certain that I can command *all and every thing?*"

"*All and every thing!* did I say all and every thing? Really, my Lord, you scan my expressions so critically; but I see your Lordship is smiling at my boyish nonsense! and really I feel that I have already wasted too much of your Lordship's valuable time, and displayed too much of my own ignorance."

"My dear Sir, I am not aware that I was smiling."

"Oh! your Lordship is so *very* kind."

"But, my dear Sir! you are really labouring under a very great mistake. I am desirous, I am *particularly* desirous, of having your opinion upon this subject."

"*My* opinion, my Lord! what should *my* opinion be, but an echo of the circle in which I live, but a faithful representation of the feelings of general society."

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARAS

"And, Mr. Grey, I should be glad to know what can possibly be more interesting to me than a faithful representation of the feelings of general society on this subject."

"The many, my Lord, are not *always* right."

"Mr. Grey, the many are not often wrong. Come, my dear Sir, do me the favour of being frank, and let me know why the public is of opinion that *all and every thing* is in my power, for such, after all, *were* your words."

"If I did use them, my Lord, it was because I was thinking, as I often am, what after all in this country is public life? Is it not a race in which the swiftest must surely win the prize—and is not that prize *power*?—Has not your Lordship treasure? There is your moral steam which can work the world. Has not your Lordship treasure's most splendid consequences, pure blood and aristocratic influence? The Millionaire has in his possession the seeds of every thing, but he must wait for half a century till

his descendant finds himself in your Lordship's state—till he is yclept noble, and then he starts fair in the grand course. All these advantages your Lordship has apparently at hand, with the additional advantage (and one, oh! how great!) of having already proved to your country, that you know *how* to rule."

There was a dead silence, which at length the Marquess broke. "There is *much* in what you say; but I cannot conceal it from myself, I have no wish to conceal it from you—*I am not what I was.*"—Oh, ambition! thou art the parent of truth.

"Ah, my Lord!" eagerly rejoined Vivian, "here is the terrible error into which you great statesmen have always fallen. Think you not, that *intellect* is as much a purchaseable article as fine parks and fair castles? With your Lordship's tried and splendid talents, *every thing* might be done; but, in my opinion, if, instead of a practised, an experienced, and wary

Statesman, I was now addressing *an idiot Earl,* I should not see, that the great end might not equally be consummated."

"Say you so, my merry man, and how?"

"Why, my Lord,—but,—but, I feel that I am trespassing on your Lordship's time, otherwise I think I could show *why* society is of opinion that your Lordship can do *all and every thing*—how, indeed, your Lordship might, in a very short time, be—Prime Minister."

"No, Mr. Grey;—this conversation must be finished. I'll first give orders that we may not be disturbed, and then we'll proceed immediately. Come, now! your manner takes me, and we will converse in the spirit of the most perfect confidence."

Here, as the Marquess settled at the same time his chair and his countenance, and looked as anxious as if Majesty itself was consulting him on the formation of a ministry, in burst the Marchioness, notwithstanding all the remonstrances,

entreaties, threats, and supplications of Mr. Sadler.

Her Ladyship had been what they style a *splendid woman;* she was now *passata*, although with the aid of cachemeres, diamonds, and turbans, her *tout ensemble* was still very striking. Her Ladyship was not remarkable for any thing, save a correct taste for poodles, parrots, and bijouterie, and a proper admiration of Theodore Hook, and John Bull.

"Oh! Marquess," exclaimed her Ladyship, and a favourite green parrot, which came flying in after its accustomed perch, her Ladyship's left shoulder, shrieked at the same time in concert—"Oh! Marquess, my poor Julie! You know we 've noticed how nervous she has been for some days past, and I had just given her a saucer of arrow-root and milk, and she seemed a little easier, and I said to Miss Graves, 'I really do think she is a *leetle* better,' and Miss

Graves said, 'Yes, my Lady, I hope she is;' when just, as we flattered ourselves, that the dear little creature was enjoying a quiet sleep, Miss Graves called out, 'Oh, my Lady! my Lady! Julie's in a fit!' and when I turned round she was lying on her back, kicking, with her eyes shut." And here the Marchioness detected Mr. Grey, and gave him as fashionable a stare as might be expected from a Lady Patroness of Almack's.

"The Marchioness—Mr. Vivian Grey—My love, I assure you we're engaged in a most important, a most ——"

"Oh! my life, I wouldn't disturb you for the world, only if you will just tell me what you think ought to be done; leeches, or a warm bath; or shall I send for Doctor Blue Pill?"

The Marquess looked a little annoyed, as if he wished her Ladyship —— in her own room again. He was almost meditating a gentle reprimand, vexed that his grave young friend

should have witnessed this frivolous intrusion, when that accomplished stripling, to the astonishment of the future minister, immediately recommended "the warm bath," and a few grains of "mustard seed," and then lectured with equal rapidity and erudition, on dogs, and their diseases in general.

The Marchioness retired, "easier in her mind about Julie, than she had been for some days," as Vivian assured her "that it was not apoplexy, but only the first symptom of an epidemic." And as she retired, she murmured her gratitude most gracefully to Julie's young physician, and her prime minister, the parrot, on her left shoulder, at the same time cackled a compliment.

"Now, Mr. Grey," said his Lordship, endeavouring to recover his dignity, "we were discussing the public sentiments, you know, on a certain point, when this unfortunate interruption––"

Vivian had not much difficulty in collecting his ideas, and he proceeded, not as displeased as his Lordship, with the domestic *scena.*

"I need not remind your Lordship, that the two great parties into which this State is divided, are *apparently* very unequally proportioned. Your Lordship well knows how the party to which your Lordship is *said* to belong, your Lordship knows, I imagine, how that is constituted. We have nothing to do with *the other*. My Lord, I must speak out. No thinking man,—and such, I trust, Vivian Grey is,—no *thinking* man can for a moment suppose, that your Lordship's heart is *very warm* in the cause of a party, which—for I will not mince my words—*has betrayed you.* How is it, it is asked by *thinking* men, how is it that the Marquess of Carabas is—the *tool* of a faction?"

The Marquess breathed loud, "they say *so*, do they?"

"Why, my Lord, listen even to your ser-

vants in your own hall—need I say more? How, then! is this opinion true? Let us look to your conduct to the party, to which you are *said* to belong. Your votes are theirs, your influence is theirs; and for all this, what return, my Lord Marquess, what return? My Lord, I am not rash enough to suppose, that your Lordship, *alone and unsupported,* can make yourself the arbiter of this country's destinies. It would be ridiculous to entertain such an idea for a second. The existence of such a man would not be endured by the nation *for a second.* But, my Lord, *union is strength.* Nay, my Lord, start not—I am not going to advise you to throw yourself into the arms of opposition; leave such advice for greenhorns. I am not going to advise you to adopt a line of conduct, which would, for a moment, compromise the consistency of your high character; leave such advice for fools. My Lord, it is to preserve your consistency, it is to vindicate your high

character, it is to make the Marquess of Carabas perform the duties which society requires from him, that I, Vivian Grey, a member of that society, and an humble friend of your Lordship, speak so boldly."

"My friend," said the agitated Peer, "you cannot speak *too* boldly. My mind opens to you. I have felt, I have long felt, that I was not what I ought to be, that I was not what society requires me to be:—but where is your remedy, what is the line of conduct that I should pursue?"

"The remedy, my Lord! I never conceived, for a moment, that there was any doubt of the existence of means to attain *all and every thing.* I think that was your Lordship's phrase. I only hesitated as to the existence of the *inclination*, on the part of your Lordship."

"You cannot doubt it *now*," said the Peer, in a low voice; and then his Lordship looked anxiously round the room, as if he feared that

there had been some mysterious witness to his whisper.

"My Lord," said Vivian, and he drew his chair close to the Marquess, "the plan is shortly this. There are others in a similar situation with yourself. All *thinking* men know,—your Lordship knows still better,—that there are others equally influential—equally ill-treated. How is it that I see no concert among these individuals? How is it that, jealous of each other, or each trusting that he may ultimately prove an exception to the system of which he is a victim; how is it, I say, that you look with cold hearts on each other's situations? My Lord Marquess, it is at the head of these that I would place you; it is these that I would have act with you—and this is the *union* which is *strength*."

"You are right, you are right; there is Courtown, but we do not speak. There is Beaconsfield, but we are not intimate,—but much might be done."

"My Lord, you must not be daunted at a few difficulties, or at a little exertion. But as for Courtown, or Beaconsfield, or fifty other offended men, if it can be shown to them that their interest is to be your Lordship's friend, trust me, that ere six months are over, they will have pledged their troth. Leave all this to me—give me your Lordship's name," said Vivian, whispering most earnestly in the Marquess's ear, and laying his hand upon his Lordship's arm—"give me your Lordship's name, and your Lordship's influence, and I will take upon myself the whole organization of the CARABAS PARTY."

"The Carabas party!—Ah! we must think more of this."—

The Marquess's eyes smiled with triumph, as he shook Vivian cordially by the hand, and begged him to call upon him on the morrow.

MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATHI MAHAL

CHAPTER III.

THE MOTTO.

THE intercourse between the Marquess and Vivian, after this interview, was constant. No dinner-party was thought perfect at Carabas House, without the presence of the young gentleman; and as the Marchioness was delighted with the perpetual presence of an individual whom she could always consult about Julie, there was apparently no domestic obstacle to Vivian's remaining in high favour.

The Earl of Eglamour, the only child, in whom were concentrated all the hopes of the illustrious House of Lorraine, was in Italy. The

only remaining member of the domestic circle who was wanting, was the Honourable Mrs. Felix Lorraine, the wife of the Marquess's younger brother. This lady, exhausted by the gaiety of the season, had left town somewhat earlier than she usually did, and was inhaling fresh air, and of course studying botany, at the magnificent seat of the Carabas family, CHÂTEAU DESIR, at which splendid place Vivian was to pass the summer.

Mr. Grey watched the movements of his son with an anxious, but apparently with no curious eye. "If the Marquess will give my son a good place, why Master Vivian's new system works rather better than I conceived it would; but how the young knave hath so managed, shall I say? the old fool,—does, I confess, puzzle my philosophy."

Alas! when Mr. Grey jocosely used the phrase, "*new system*," he was little aware of the workings of his son's mind. But so it is

in life; a father is, perhaps, the worst judge of his son's capacity. He knows too much—and too little.

In the meantime, as we before stated, all was sunshine with Vivian Grey. His noble friend and himself were in perpetual converse, and constantly engaged in deep consultation. As yet, the world knew nothing, except that, according to the Marquess of Carabas, "Vivian Grey was the most astonishingly clever and prodigiously accomplished fellow that ever breathed." And as the Marquess always added, "resembled himself very much when *he* was young."

But it must not be supposed, that Vivian was to all the world the fascinating creature that he was to the Marquess of Carabas. Many complained that he was reserved, silent, satirical, and haughty. But the truth was, Vivian Grey often asked himself, "who is to be my enemy to-morrow?" He was too cunning

a master of the human mind, not to be aware of the quicksands upon which all greenhorns strike;—he knew too well the danger of *unnecessary intimacy.* A SMILE FOR A FRIEND, AND A SNEER FOR THE WORLD, is the way to govern mankind, and such was the motto of Vivian Grey.

CHAPTER IV.

Château Desir.

How shall I describe Château Desir, that place fit for all princes? In the midst of a park of great extent, and eminent for scenery, as varied as might please Nature's most capricious lover; in the midst of green lawns, and deep winding glens, and cooling streams, and wild forest, and soft woodland, there was gradually formed an elevation, on which was situate a mansion of great size, and of that bastard, but picturesque, style of architecture, called the Italian Gothic. The date of its erection was about the middle of the sixteenth century.

You entered by a noble gateway, in which the pointed style still predominated; but in various parts of which, the Ionic column, and the prominent keystone, and other creations of Roman architecture, intermingled with the expiring Gothic, into a large quadrangle, to which the square casement windows, and the triangular pediments or gable ends, supplying the place of battlements, gave a varied and Italian feature. In the centre of the court, from an immense marble basin, the rim of which was enriched by a splendidly sculptured lotus border, rose a marble group, representing Amphitrite with her marine attendants, whose sounding shells and coral sceptres sent forth their subject element in sparkling showers. This work, the *chef d'œuvre* of a celebrated artist of Vicenza, had been purchased by Valerian, first Lord Carabas, who having spent the greater part of his life as the representative of his monarch at the Ducal Court of Venice,

[library stamp]

at length returned to his native country; and in the creation of Château Desir, endeavoured to find some consolation for the loss of his gay palazzo on the banks of the Adige.

Over the gateway there rose a turreted tower, the small square window of which, notwithstanding its stout stanchions, illumined the muniment room of the House of Carabas. In the spandrils of the gateway, and in many other parts of the building, might be seen the arms of the family; while the innumerable stacks of chimneys, which appeared to spring from all parts of the roof, were carved and built in such curious and quaint devices, that they were rather an ornament than an excrescence. When you entered the quadrangle, you found one side solely occupied by the old hall, the immense carved rafters of whose oaken roof rested on corbels of the family supporters, against the walls.

The walls of the hall were of stone, but these

were covered half way from the ground with a pannelling of curiously carved oak; whence were suspended the family portraits in massy frames, painted partly by Dutch, and partly by Italian artists. Near the *Dais*, or upper part of the Hall, there projected an oriel window, which, as you beheld, you scarcely knew what most to admire, the radiancy of its painted panes, or the fantastic richness of Gothic ornament, which was profusely lavished in every part of its masonry. Here too the Gothic pendent, and the Gothic fan-work, were intermingled with the Italian arabesques, which, at the time of the building of the Château, had been recently introduced into England by Hans Holbein and John of Padua.

How wild and fanciful are those ancient arabesques! Here at Château Desir, in the pannelling of the old hall, might you see fantastic scrolls, separated by bodies ending in *termini*, and whose heads supported the Ionic volute,

while the arch, which appeared to spring from these capitals, had, for a keystone, heads more monstrous than those of the fabled animals of Ctesias; or so ludicrous, that you forgot the classic Griffin in the grotesque conception of the Italian artist. Here was a gibbering monkey, there a grinning Pulcinello; now you viewed a chattering devil, which might have figured in the Temptation of St. Anthony; and now a mournful, mystic, bearded countenance, which might have flitted in the back scene of a Witches' Sabbath.

A long Gallery wound through the upper story of two other sides of the quadrangle, and beneath were the show suite of apartments, with a sight of which the admiring eyes of curious tourists were occasionally delighted.

The grey stone walls of this antique edifice were, in many places, thickly covered with ivy, and other parasitical plants, the deep green of

whose verdure beautifully contrasted with the scarlet glories of the papyrus japonica, which gracefully clustered round the windows of the lower chambers. The mansion itself was immediately surrounded by numerous ancient forest trees. There was the elm, with its rich branches, bending down like clustering grapes; there was the wide-spreading oak, with its roots fantastically gnarled; there was the ash, with its smooth bark and elegant leaf; and the silver beech, and the gracile birch; and the dark fir, affording with its rough foliage, a contrast to the trunks of its more beautiful companions, or, shooting far above their branches, with the spirit of freedom worthy of a rough child of the mountains.

Around the Castle were extensive pleasure-grounds, which realized the romance of the Gardens of Verulam. And truly, as you wandered through their enchanting paths, there

seemed no end to their various beauties, and no exhaustion of their perpetual novelty. Green retreats succeeded to winding walks; from the shady *berceau*, you vaulted on the noble terrace; and if, for an instant, you felt wearied by treading the velvet lawn, you might rest in a mossy cell, while your mind was soothed by the soft music of falling waters. Now, your curious eyes were greeted by Oriental animals, basking in a sunny paddock; and when you turned from the white-footed antelope, and the dark-eyed gazelle, you viewed an aviary of such extent, that within its trelliced walls the imprisoned songsters could build, in the free branches of a tree, their natural nests.

"Oh, fair scene!" thought Vivian Grey, as he approached, on a fine summer's afternoon, the splendid Château. "Oh, fair scene! doubly fair to those who quit for *you* the thronged and agitated city. And can it be, that those who

exist within this enchanted domain, can think of any thing but sweet air, and do aught but revel in the breath of perfumed flowers?" And here he gained the garden gate: so he stopped his soliloquy, and gave his horse to his groom.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

CHAPTER V.

A NEW CHARACTER.

The Marquess had preceded Vivian in his arrival about three or four days, and of course, to use the common phrase, the establishment "was quite settled." It was, indeed, to avoid the possibility of witnessing the domestic arrangements of a nobleman in any other point of view, save that of perfection, that Vivian had declined accompanying his noble friend to the Château. Mr. Grey, junior, was an epicurean, and all epicureans will quite agree with me, that his conduct on this head was extremely wise. I am not very nice myself about these

matters; but there are, we all know, a thousand little things that go wrong on the *arrivals* of even the best regulated families, and to mention no others, for any rational being voluntarily to encounter the awful gaping of an English family, who have travelled one hundred miles in ten successive hours, appears to me to be little short of madness.

"Grey, my boy, quite happy to see ye!—later than I expected; first bell rings in five minutes—Sadler will show you your room—Father, I hope quite well?"

Such was the salutation of the Marquess; and Vivian accordingly retired to arrange his toilet.

The first bell rang, and the second bell rang, and Vivian was seated at the dinner-table. He bowed to the Marchioness, and asked after her poodle, and gazed with some little curiosity at the vacant chair opposite him.

"Mrs. Felix Lorraine—Mr. Vivian Grey," said the Marquess, as a Lady entered the room.

Now, although I am one of those historians, who are of opinion that the nature of the personages they celebrate, should be developed rather by a recital of their conduct, than by a set character *au commencement ;* I feel it, nevertheless, incumbent upon me to devote a few lines to the Lady that has just entered, which the reader will be so good as to get through, while she is accepting an offer of some white soup; by this means he will lose none of the conversation.

The Honourable Felix Lorraine, we have before laconically described as a *Roué.* To the initiated, I need say no more; they will all know what sort of a person a *roué* must be, who has the honour of being the son of an English Earl. To the uninitiated, I shall only observe, that after having passed through a career with

tolerable credit, which would have blasted the character of any common personage, Felix Lorraine ended by pigeoning a young nobleman, whom, for that purpose, he had made his intimate friend. The affair got wind. After due examination, was proclaimed "*too* bad," and the guilty personage was visited with the heaviest vengeance of modern society—*he was expelled his club.* By this unfortunate exposure, Mr. Felix Lorraine was obliged *to give in* a match, which was on the *tapis*, with the celebrated Miss Mexico, on whose million he had determined to set up a character and a chariot, and at the same time pension his mistress, and subscribe to the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Felix left for the Continent, and in due time was made drum-major at Barbadoes, or fiscal at Ceylon, or something of that kind; I forget which. While he loitered in Europe, he made a conquest of the heart of the daughter of some German baron,

who was ambassador extraordinary from his Serene Highness the Palsgrave of * * * * to his most Supreme Excellency the Landgrave of * * * * and after six weeks passed in the most affectionate manner, each of the happy couple performing their respective duties with perfect propriety, Felix left for his colonial appointment, and also left——his lady behind him.

Mr. Lorraine had duly and dutifully informed his family of his marriage, and they, as amiably and affectionately, had never answered his letters, which he never expected they would. Profiting by their example, he never answered his wife's, who, in due time, to the horror of the Marquess, landed in England, and claimed the protection of her "beloved husband's family." The Marquess vowed he would never see her; the lady, however, one morning gained admittance, and from that moment she had never quitted her brother-in-law's roof, and not

only had never quitted it, but now made the greatest favour of her staying.

The extraordinary influence which Mrs. Felix Lorraine possessed, was certainly not owing to her beauty, for the lady opposite Vivian Grey had apparently no claims to admiration, on the score of her personal qualifications. Her complexion was bad, and her features were indifferent, and these characteristics were not rendered less uninterestingly conspicuous, by what makes an otherwise ugly woman, *toute au contraire*, namely, a pair of expressive eyes; for certainly this epithet could not be applied to those of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, which gazed in all the vacancy of German listlessness.

The lady *did* bow to Mr. Grey, and that was all; and then she negligently spooned her soup, and then, after much parade, sent it away untouched. As Vivian wined with the Marchioness, he was not under the necessity of paying any courtesy to his opposite neighbour, whose

silence, he plainly perceived, was for the nonce, and consequently for him. But the day was hot, and Vivian had been fatigued by his ride, and the Marquess's champagne was excellent; and so, at last, the floodgates of his speech burst, and talk he *did*. He complimented her Ladyship's poodle, quoted German to Mrs. Felix Lorraine, and taught the Marquess to eat cabinet pudding with curaçoâ sauce (a custom which, by the bye, I recommend to all); and then his stories, and his scandal, and his sentiment;—stories for the Marquess, scandal for the Marchioness, and sentiment for the Marquess's sister! That lady, who began to find out her man, had no mind to be longer silent, and although a perfect mistress of the English language, began to articulate a horrible *patois*, that she might not be mistaken for an Englishwoman, a thing which she particularly dreaded. But now came her punishment, for Vivian saw the effect which he had produced on Mrs. Felix

Lorraine, and that Mrs. Felix Lorraine now wished to produce a corresponding effect upon him, and this he was determined she should not do; so new stories followed, and new compliments ensued, and finally he anticipated her sentences, and sometimes her thoughts. The lady sat silent and admiring! At last the important meal was finished, and the time came when good dull English dames retire; but of this habit Mrs. Felix Lorraine did not approve; and, although she had not yet prevailed upon Lady Carabas to adopt her ideas on field days, still *en domestique*, the goodnatured Marchioness had given in, and to save herself from hearing the din of male voices at a time, at which during her whole life she had been unaccustomed to them, the Marchioness of Carabas—dozed. Her worthy spouse, who was prevented by the presence of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, from talking politics with Vivian, passed the bottle pretty briskly, and then conjecturing

that "from the sunset we should have a fine day to-morrow," fell back in his easy chair, and —snored.

Mrs. Felix Lorraine looked at her noble relatives, and shrugged up her shoulders with an air which baffleth all description. "Mr. Grey, I congratulate you on this hospitable reception; you see we treat you quite *en famille*. Come! 'tis a fine evening, you have seen, as yet, but little of Château Desir: we may as well enjoy the fine air on the Terrace."

[library stamp]

CHAPTER VI.

THE TERRACE.

"You must know, Mr. Grey, that this is my favourite walk, and I therefore expect that it will be yours."

"It cannot indeed fail to be such, the favourite as it alike is, of nature, and Mrs. Felix Lorraine."

"On my word, a very pretty sentence!—and who taught you, young gentleman, to bandy words so fairly?"

"I never can open my mouth, except in the presence of a woman," bolted out Vivian, with the most impudent mendacity, and he looked interesting and innocent.

"Indeed!—and what do you know about such wicked work, *as talking to women?*" and here Mrs. Felix Lorraine imitated Vivian's sentimental voice. "Do you know," she continued, "I feel quite happy that you have come down here;—I begin to think that we shall be very great friends."

"Nothing appears to me more evident," said Vivian.

"How delicious is friendship," exclaimed Mrs. Felix Lorraine: "delightful sentiment, that prevents life from being a curse! Have you a friend, Mr. Vivian Grey?"

"Before I answer that question, I should like to know what meaning Mrs. Felix Lorraine attaches to that important monosyllable, *friend.*"

"Oh, you want a definition! I hate definitions; and of all the definitions in the world, the one I 've been most unfortunate in, has been a definition of friendship,—I might

say"— and here her voice sunk,—" I might say, of all the sentiments in the world, friendship is the one which has been most fatal to me; but I must not inoculate you with my bad spirits; bad spirits are not for young blood like yours, leave them to old persons like myself."

"Old!" said Vivian, in a proper tone of surprise.

"Old! ay *old*,—how old do you think I am?"

"You may have seen twenty summers," gallantly conjectured Vivian.

The lady looked pleased, and almost insinuated, that she had seen one or two more. Mrs. Felix Lorraine was about thirty.

"A clever woman," thought Vivian, "but vain; I hardly know what to think of her."

"Mr. Grey, I fear you find me in bad spirits to-day; but, alas! I—I have cause. Although we see each other to-day for the first time, yet

there is something in your manner, something in the expression of your eyes, that make me believe *my* happiness is not altogether a matter of indifference to *you*." These words, uttered in one of the sweetest voices by which ever human being was fascinated, were slowly and deliberately spoken, as if it was intended that they should *rest* on the ear of the object to whom they were addressed.

"My dear Mrs. Lorraine! it is impossible that *I* can have but one sentiment with regard to you, that of ——"

"Of *what*, Mr. Grey?"

"Of solicitude for your welfare."

The lady gently took the arm of the young man, and then with an agitated voice, and a troubled spirit, dwelt upon the unhappiness of her lot, and the cruelty of her fortunes. Her husband's indifference was the sorrowful theme of her lamentations; and she ended by asking Mr. Vivian Grey's advice, as to the line of con-

duct which she should pursue with regard to him; first duly informing Vivian, that this was the *only* time, and he the *only* person, to whom this subject had been ever mentioned.

"And why should I mention it here—and to whom? The Marquess is the best of men, but—" and here she looked up in Vivian's face, and spoke volumes; "and the Marchioness is the most amiable of women,—at least, I suppose her lap-dog thinks so."

The advice of Vivian was very concise. He sent the husband to the devil in two seconds, and insisted upon the wife's not thinking of him for another moment; and then the lady dried her eyes, and promised to do her best.

"And now," said Mrs. Felix Lorraine, "I must talk about your own affairs—I think your plan *excellent*."

"Plan! Madam."

"Yes, *plan*, Sir! the Marquess has told me *all*. I have no head for politics, Mr. Grey; but

if I cannot assist you in managing the nation, I perhaps *may* in managing the family, and my services are at your command. Believe me, you 'll have enough to do: there, I pledge you my troth. Do you think it a pretty hand?"

Vivian did think it a very pretty hand, and he performed due courtesies in a very gallant style.

"And now, good even to you," said the lady; "this little gate leads to my apartments. You'll have no difficulty in finding your way back:"—so saying, she disappeared.

[library stamp]

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY RISING.

WHEN Vivian retired to his room, he found a notellette on his dressing-case, which contained two lines. They were as follows:—"*A walk on the Terrace before breakfast, is the fashion at Château Desir.*" The *esprit* of the note sufficiently indicated the authoress, even if the perfumed paper, and the diminutive French gem, with its piquant and *peculiar* motto, had allowed him, for an instant, to hesitate.

In spite of his travelling, and his champagne, and his sound sleep, Vivian rose early, and was on the Terrace at a most reasonable hour,

at least for him: Mrs. Felix Lorraine was already there.

"I congratulate Mr. Grey," said the lady, as she extended him a finger, "on being an early riser. Nothing is so vulgar as getting up late. Oh! what a pretty morning gown that is! and how nice your hair curls! and that velvet stock! why I declare you've quite a taste in *costume*? but it does not set quite right. *There*, that's better," said Mrs. Lorraine, adjusting the stock for him, "not much beard yet, I see; you must take care to have one before you're a—*privy counsellor*."

"I rejoice," said Vivian, "that I can in return sincerely compliment you on your *own* good taste in costume. That buckle is, of course, fresh from Berlin, or—Birmingham—it's all the same, you know, at least at Howell and James's; and of all things in the world, what I most admire, are your black velvet slippers! But, where's the Marquess?"

"Oh! we're not very early honoured with the presence of the Marquess of Carabas in his own house."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Oh! I mean nothing, except that the future minister never rises till noon—bad habits, Mr. Grey, for a man of business!"

"Bad habits, indeed! we must endeavour to cure him, now that he's going, as you say, to be a man of business."

"Oh, certainly! cure him by all means. He'll give you, I don't doubt, plenty of occupation. I advise you regularly to reform the whole house. Your influence is so great, that you can do any thing with the Marquess. Well, I hope he'll behave better in *future*, for the Castle will be full in a few days. There are the Courtowns coming, and Sir Berdmore and Lady Scrope, and the Beaconsfields—all next week; and crowds of all sorts of people, whose names I forget, pawns in the great game

of chess, which is to be played by Vivian Grey, Esq. and the most noble the Marquess of Carabas — against all England. There, there 's the breakfast bell; I hope your appetite's good."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST WEEK.

THE first week at Château Desir, passed pleasantly enough. Vivian's morning was amply occupied in maturing with the Marquess the grand principles of the new political system: in weighing interests, in balancing connections, and settling "what side was to be taken on the *great questions?*" Oh! politics, thou splendid juggle!—The whole business, although so magnificent in its result, appeared very easy to the two counsellors, for it was one of the first principles of Mr. Vivian Grey, "*that every thing was possible.*" Men did

fail in life to be sure, and after all, very little *was* done by the generality ; but still all these failures, and all this inefficiency might be traced to a want of physical and mental courage. Some men were bold in their conceptions, and splendid heads at a grand system, but then, when the day of battle came, they turned out very cowards ; while others, who had nerve enough to stand the brunt of the hottest fire, were utterly ignorant of military tactics, and fell before the destroyer, like the brave untutored Indians, before the civilized European. Now Vivian Grey was conscious, that there was at least *one* person in the world, who was no craven either in body or in mind, and so he had long come to the comfortable conclusion, that it was impossible that his career could be any thing, but the most brilliant. And truly, employed as he now was, with a peer of the realm, in a solemn consultation on that realm's most important interests, at a time when crea-

tures of his age were moping in Halls and Colleges, is it to be wondered at, that he began to imagine that his theory was borne out by experience, and by fact? Not that it must be supposed, even for a moment, that Vivian Grey was, what the world calls, *conceited.*—Oh, no! he knew the measure of his own mind, and had fathomed the depth of his powers with equal skill and impartiality; but in the process he could not but feel, that he *could* conceive *much*, and *dare* do *more.*

I said the first week at Château Desir passed pleasantly enough; and so it did, for Vivian's soul revelled in the morning councils on his future fortunes, with as much eager joy, as a young courser trying the turf, preliminary to running for the plate. And then, in the evening, were moon-lit walks with Mrs. Felix Lorraine! and then the lady abused England so prettily, and initiated her companion in all the secrets of German Courts, and sang beautiful

French songs, and then she would take him beside the luminous lake in the park, and vow it looked just like the dark blue Rhine! and then she remembered Germany, and grew sad, and abused her husband; and then she taught Vivian the guitar, and—some other fooleries besides.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S
TANJORE

MAHARAJA ... LAHORE ...

CHAPTER IX.

TACTICS.

THE second week of Vivian's visit had come round, and the flag waved proudly on the proud tower of Château Desir, indicating to the admiring county, that the most noble Sydney, Marquess of Carabas, held public days twice a week at his grand Castle. And now came the neighbouring peer, full of grace and gravity, and the mellow baronet, with his hearty laugh, and the jolly country squire, and the middling gentry, and the jobbing country attorney, and the flourishing country surveyor. Some honouring by their presence, some who felt the obli-

gation equal, and others bending before the noble host, as if paying him adoration, was almost an equal pleasure with that of guzzling his venison pasties, and quaffing his bright wines.

Independent of all these periodical visitors, the house was full of permanent ones. There was the Viscount and Viscountess Courtown, and their three daughters, and Lord and Lady Beaconsfield, and their three sons, and Sir Berdmore and Lady Scrope, and Colonel Delmington of the Guards, and Lady Louisa Manvers, and her daughter Julia. Lady Louisa was the only sister of the Marquess—a widow, proud and pennyless.

To all these distinguished personages, Vivian was introduced by the Marquess as "a monstrous clever young man, and his Lordship's most particular friend"—and then the noble Carabas left the game in his young friend's hands.

And right well Vivian did his duty. In a week's time it would have been hard to decide with whom of the family of the Courtowns Vivian was the greatest favourite. He rode with the Viscount, who was a good horseman, and was driven by his Lady, who was a good whip; and when he had sufficiently admired the *tout ensemble* of her Ladyship's pony phaeton, he entrusted her, "*in confidence*," with some ideas of his own about Martingales, a subject which he assured her Ladyship "had been the object of his mature consideration." The three honourable Misses were the most difficult part of the business; but he talked sentiment with the first, sketched with the second, and romped with the third.

Ere the Beaconsfields could be jealous of the influence of the Courtowns, Mr. Vivian Grey had promised his Lordship, who was a collector of medals, an unique, which had never yet been heard of; and her Ladyship, who was a collec-

tor of autographs, the private letters of every man of genius who ever had been heard of. In this division of the Carabas guests, he was not bored with a family; for *sons*, he always made it a rule to cut dead; they are the members of a family who, on an average, are generally very uninfluential, for, on an average, they are fools enough to think it very knowing, to be very disagreeable. So the wise man but little loves them, but woe to the fool who neglects the daughters!

Sir Berdmore Scrope, Vivian found a more unmanageable personage; for the baronet was confoundedly shrewd, and without a particle of sentiment in his composition. It was a great thing, however, to gain him; for Sir Berdmore was a leading country gentleman, and having quarrelled with Ministers about the corn laws, had been accounted disaffected ever since. The baronet, however, although a bold man to the world, was luckily henpecked; so Vivian made love to the wife, and secured the husband.

CHAPTER X.

MARRIAGE.

I THINK that Julia Manvers was really the most beautiful creature that ever smiled in this fair world. Such a symmetrically formed shape, such perfect features, such a radiant complexion, such luxuriant auburn hair, and such blue eyes, lit up by a smile of such mind and meaning, have seldom blessed the gaze of admiring man! Vivian Grey, fresh as he was, was not exactly the creature to lose his heart very speedily. He looked upon marriage as a certain farce in which, sooner or later, he was, as a well-paid actor, to play his part; and

could it have advanced his views one jot, he would have married the Princess Caraboo to-morrow. But of all wives in the world, a young and handsome one was that which he most dreaded; and how a statesman, who was wedded to a beautiful woman, could possibly perform his duties to the public, did most exceedingly puzzle him. Notwithstanding, however, these sentiments, Vivian began to think that there really could be no harm in talking to so beautiful a creature as Julia, and a little conversation with her would, he felt, be no unpleasing relief to the difficult duties in which he was involved.

To the astonishment of the Honourable Buckhurst Stanhope, eldest son of Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Vivian Grey, who had never yet condescended to acknowledge his existence, asked him one morning, with the most fascinating of smiles, and with the most conciliating voice, "whether they should ride together?"

THE TAMWORTH ... FREE ... LIBRARY

The young heir apparent looked stiff, and assented. He arrived again at Château Desir in a couple of hours, desperately enamoured of the eldest Miss Courtown. The sacrifice of two mornings to the Honourable Dormer Stanhope, and the Honourable Gregory Stanhope, sent them home equally *au desespoir* as to the remaining sisters. Having thus, like a man of honour, provided for the amusement of his former friends, the three Miss Courtowns, Vivian left Mrs. Felix Lorraine to the Colonel, whose mustache, by the bye, that lady considerably patronized, and then, having excited an universal feeling of gallantry among the elders, Vivian found his whole day at the service of Julia Manvers.

"Miss Manvers, I think that you and I are the only faithful subjects in this Castle of Indolence. Here am I lounging on an Ottoman, my ambition reaching only so far as the possession of a cigar, whose aromatic and circling

wreathes, I candidly confess, I dare not here excite; and you, of course, much too knowing to be doing any thing on the first of August, save dreaming of races, archery feats, and county balls—the three most delightful things which the country can boast, either for man, woman, or child."

"Of course, you except sporting for yourself—shooting especially, I suppose."

"Shooting! oh! ah! there is such a thing. No, I'm no shot;—not that I have not in my time cultivated a Manton; but the truth is, having, at an early age, mistaken my most intimate friend for a cock pheasant, I sent a whole crowd of '*fours*' into his face, and thereby spoilt one of the prettiest countenances in Christendom; so I gave up the field. Besides, as Tom Moore says, I have so much to do in the country, that, for my part, I really have no time for killing birds and jumping over ditches: good work enough for country

squires, who must, like all others, have their hours of excitement. Mine are of a different nature, and boast a different locality; and so when I come into the country, 'tis for pleasant air, and beautiful trees, and winding streams, things, which, of course, those who live all the year round among, do not suspect to be lovely and adorable creations. Don't you agree with Tom Moore, Miss Manvers?"

"Oh, of course! but I think it's very improper, that habit, that every one has, of calling a man of such eminence as the author of Lalla Rookh, *Tom* Moore."

"I wish he could but hear you! But, suppose I were to quote *Mr.* Moore, or *Mr. Thomas* Moore, would you have the most distant conception whom I meant? No, no, certainly not. By the bye, did you ever hear the pretty name they gave him at Paris?"

"No! what was it?"

"One day, Moore and Rogers went to call

on Denon. Rogers gave their names to the Swiss, *Monsieur Rogers et Monsieur Moore*. The Swiss dashed open the library door, and, to the great surprise of the illustrious antiquary, announced, Monsieur l'Amour ! While Denon was doubting whether the God of Love was really paying him a visit or not, *Rogers* entered. I should like to have seen Denon's face !"

"And Monsieur Denon did take a portrait of Mr. Rogers as Cupid, I believe, Mr. Grey ?"

"Come, Madam, 'no scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope.' Mr. Rogers is one of the most elegant-minded men in the country."

"Nay ! don't lecture me with such a *riant* face, or else all your *morale* will be utterly thrown away."

"Ah ! you have Retsch's Faust there. I did not expect on a drawing-room table at Château Desir, to see anything so old, and so excellent. I thought the third edition of Tremaine would

be a very fair specimen of your ancient literature, and Major Denham's hair-breadth escapes of your modern. There was an excellent story about town, on the return of Denham and Clapperton. The travellers took different routes, in order to arrive at the same point of destination. In his wanderings, the Major came unto an unheard-of Lake, which, with a spirit, which they of the Guards surely approved, he christened "*Lake Waterloo.*" Clapperton arrived a few days after him; and the pool was immediately re-baptised "*Lake Trafalgar.*" There was a hot quarrel in consequence. Now, if I had been there, I would have arranged matters, by proposing as a title to meet the views of all parties, "*The United Service Lake.*"

"That would certainly have been very happy."

"How beautiful Margaret is!" said Vivian, rising from his Ottoman, and seating himself

on the sofa by the lady. "I always think, that this is the only Personification where Art has not rendered Innocence insipid."

"Do you think so?"

"Why, take Una in the Wilderness, or Goody Two Shoes. These, I believe, were the most innocent persons that ever existed, and I'm sure you will agree with me, they always look the most insipid. Nay, perhaps I was wrong in what I said; perhaps it is Insipidity that always looks innocent, not Innocence always insipid."

"How can you refine so, Mr. Grey, when the thermometer is at 250°! Pray, tell me some more stories."

"I cannot, I'm in a refining humour: I could almost lecture to-day at the Royal Institution. You would not call these exactly Prosopopeias of Innocence?" said Vivian, turning over a bundle of Stewart Newton's beauties, languishing, and lithographed. "Newton,

I suppose, like Lady Wortley Montague, is of opinion, that the face is not the most beautiful part of woman; at least, if I am to judge from these elaborate ancles. Now the countenance of this Donna, forsooth, has a drowsy placidity worthy of the easy chair she is lolling in, and yet her ancle would not disgrace the contorted frame of the most pious Faquir."

"Well! I'm an admirer of Newton's paintings."

"Oh! so am I. He's certainly a cleverish fellow, but rather too much among the blues; a set, of whom, I would venture to say, Miss Manvers knoweth little about?"

"Oh, not the least! Mamma does not visit that way. What are they?"

"Oh, very powerful people! though '*Mamma does not visit that way.*' They live chiefly about Cumberland Gate. Their words are Ukases as far as Curzon Street, and very Decretals in the general vicinity of May Fair;

but you shall have a further description another time. How those rooks bore! I hate staying with ancient families; you're always *cawed* to death. If ever you write a novel, Miss Manvers, mind you have a rookery in it. Since Tremaine, and Washington Irving, nothing will go down without."

Oh! by the bye, Mr. Grey, who *is* the author of Tremaine?"

"I'll tell you who is *not*."

"Who?"

"Mr. Ogle."

"But, really, who *is* the author?"

"Oh! I'll tell you in a moment. It's either Mr. Ryder, or Mr. Spencer Percival, or Mr. Dyson, or Miss Dyson, or Mr. Bowles, or the Duke of Buckingham, or Mr. Ward, or a young Officer in the Guards, or an old Clergyman in the North of England, or a middle-aged Barrister on the Midland Circuit.

"You're really so giddy, Mr. Grey,—I

wish you could get me an autograph of Mr. Washington Irving; I want it for a particular friend."

"Give me a pen and ink; I'll write you one immediately."

"Oh! Mr. Grey."

"There! now you've made me blot Faustus."

At this moment the room-door suddenly opened, and as suddenly shut.

"Who was that, Mr. Grey?"

"Mephistophiles, or Mrs. Felix Lorraine; one or the other,—perhaps *both*."

"Mr. Grey!"

"What do you think of Mrs. Felix Lorraine, Miss Manvers?"

"Oh! I think her a very amusing woman, a very clever woman, a very—but—"

"But, what?"

"But I can't exactly make her out."

"Nor I, nor I—she's a dark riddle; and, although I am a very Œdipus, I confess I have

not yet unravelled it. Come, there's Washington Irving's autograph for you; read it, isn't it quite in character? Shall I write any more? One of Sir Walter's, or Mr. Southey's, or Mr. Milman's, or Mr. D'Israeli's? or shall I sprawl a Byron?

"Mr. Grey! I really cannot patronize such unprincipled conduct. You may make me one of Sir Walter's, however."

"Poor Washington, poor Washington!" said Vivian, writing; "I knew him well in London. He always slept at dinner. One day as he was dining at Mr. Hallam's, they took him, when asleep, to Lady Jersey's rout; and, to see the Sieur Geoffrey, when he opened his eyes in the illumined saloons, was really quite admirable! quite an Arabian tale!"

"Oh, how delightful! I should have so liked to have seen him! He seems quite forgotten now in England. How came we to talk of him?"

"Forgotten—oh! he spoilt his elegant talents in writing German and Italian twaddle with all the rawness of a Yankee. He ought never to have left America, at least in literature:—there was an uncontested and glorious field for him. He should have been managing Director of the Hudson Bay Company, and lived all his life among the beavers."

"I think there's nothing more pleasant, Mr. Grey, than talking over the season in the country, in August."

"Nothing more agreeable. It was dull, though, last season, very dull; I think the game cannot be kept going another year. If it wasn't for the General Election, we really must have a war for variety's sake. Peace gets quite a bore. Every body you dine with commands a good *cuisine*, and gives you twelve different wines, all perfect. And as for Dr. Henderson, he is the amateur importer for the whole nation. We cannot bear this any longer;

all the lights and shadows of life are lost. The only good thing I heard this year, was an ancient gentlewoman going up to Gunter, and asking him for ‘ the receipt for that white stuff,’ pointing to his Roman punch. I, who am a great man for receipts, gave it her immediately :—‘ *One hod of mortar to one bottle of Noyau.*’ ”

“ Oh, that was too bad! and did she thank you ?”

“ Thank me! ay, truly ; and pushed a card into my hand, so thick and sharp that it cut through my glove. I wore my arm in a sling for a month afterwards.”

“ And what was the card ?”

“ Oh, you need not look so arch! The old lady was not even a faithless duenna. It was an invitation to an assembly, or something of the kind, at a *locale*, somewhere, as Theodore Hook, or John Wilson Croker, would say, ‘ between Mesopotamia and Russell-square.’ ”

"Do you know Mr. Croker, Mr. Grey?"

"Not in the least. I look upon Mr. Croker and myself as the two sublimest men in the United Kingdom. When we do meet, the interview will be interesting."

"Pray, Mr. Grey, is it true that all the houses in Russell-square are tenantless?"

"Quite true; the Marquess of Tavistock has given up the county in consequence. A perfect shame—is it not? Let's write it up."

"An admirable plan! but we'll take the houses first; of course we can get them at a pepper-corn rent."

"What a pity, Miss Manvers, the fashion has gone out of selling oneself to the devil."

"Good gracious, Mr. Grey!"

"On my honour, I am quite serious. It does appear to me to be a very great pity. What a capital plan for younger brothers! It's a

kind of thing I 've been trying to do all my life, and never could succeed. I began at school with toasted cheese and a pitch-fork; and since then I 've invoked, with all the eloquence of Goethe, the evil one in the solitude of the Hartz; but without success. I think I should make an excellent bargain with him: of course, I don't mean that ugly vulgar savage with a fiery tail. Oh, no! Satan himself for me, a perfect gentleman! Or Belial,—Belial would be the most delightful. He 's the fine genius of the Inferno, I imagine, the Beranger of Pandemonium."

"Mr. Grey, I really cannot listen to such nonsense one moment longer. What would you have if Belial were here?"

"Let us see. Now, you shall act the spirit, and I, Vivian Grey. I wish we had a short-hand writer here to take down the Incantation Scene. We'd send it to Arnold.—*Commençons* —Spirit! I 'll have a fair castle."

The lady bowed.

"I'll have a palace in town."

The lady bowed.

"I'll have lots of the best Havannah cigars."

The lady bowed.

"I'll have a fair wife.—Why, Miss Manvers, you forget to bow!"

"Oh, dear! Mr. Grey, I really beg your pardon!"

"Come, this *is* a novel way of making an offer, and, I hope, a successful one."

"Julia, my dear," cried a voice in the veranda, "Julia, my dear, I want you to walk with me."

"Say you are engaged with the Marchioness," whispered Vivian, with a low but distinct voice; his eyes fixed on the table, and his lips not appearing to move.

"Mamma, I'm ——"

"I want you immediately and *particular-*

ly, Julia," cried Lady Louisa, with an earnest voice.

"I'm coming, I'm coming. You see I *must* go, Mr. Grey."

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

MAHARAJA ... THE ... LIBRARY

CHAPTER XI.

THE PARK.

"CONFUSION on that old hag! Her eye looked evil on me, at the very moment! Although a pretty wife is really the destruction of a young man's prospects, still, in the present case, the niece of my friend, my *patron*—high family—perfectly unexceptionable, &c. &c. &c. Such blue eyes! upon my honour, this must be an exception to the general rule." Here a light step attracted his attention, and, on turning round, he found Mrs. Felix Lorraine at his elbow.

"Oh! you're *here!* Mr. Grey, acting the

Solitaire in the park. I want your opinion about a passage in "Herman and Dorothea."

"My opinion is always at your service; but, if the passage is not perfectly clear to Mrs. Felix Lorraine, it will be perfectly obscure, I am convinced, to me."

"Oh, dear! after all my trouble, I 've forgotten my book. How mortifying! Well, I 'll show it you after dinner: adieu!—and by the bye, Mr. Grey, as I am here, I may as well advise you not to spoil all the Marquess's timber, by carving a certain person's name on his park trees. I think your plans in that quarter are admirable. I 've been walking with Lady Louisa the whole morning, and you can't think how I puffed you! *Courage, Cavalier*, and we shall soon be connected, not only in friendship, but in blood."

The next morning at breakfast, Vivian was surprised to find that the Manvers party was suddenly about to leave the Castle. All were

disconsolate at their departure, for there was to be a grand entertainment at Château Desir that very day; but particularly Mrs. Felix Lorraine, and Mr. Vivian Grey. The sudden departure was accounted for by the arrival of "unexpected," &c. &c. &c. There was no hope,—the green post-chariot was at the door—a feeble promise of a speedy return! Julia's eyes were filled with tears. Vivian was springing forward to press her hand, and bear her to the carriage, when Mrs. Felix Lorraine—seized his arm, vowed she was going to faint, and, ere she could recover herself, or loosen her grasp, the Manvers,—were gone.

TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL LIBRARY

CHAPTER XII.

A MORNING VISIT.

THE gloom which the parting had diffused over all countenances, was quite dispelled when the Marquess entered.

"Lady Carabas," said he, "you must prepare for crowds of visitors to-day. There are the Amershams, and Lord Alhambra, and Ernest Clay, and twenty other young heroes, who, duly informed that the Miss Courtowns were honouring us with their presence, are pouring in from all quarters—Isn't it so, Juliana?" gallantly asked the Marquess of Miss Cour-

town: "but who do you think is coming besides?"

"Who, who?" exclaimed all.

"Nay, you shall guess," said the Peer.

"The Duke of Waterloo?" guessed Cynthia Courtown, the romp.

"Prince Hungary?" asked her sister Laura.

"Is it a gentleman?" asked Mrs. Felix Lorraine.

"No, no, you're all wrong, and all very stupid. It's Mrs. Million."

"Oh, how delightful!" said Cynthia.

"Oh, how annoying!" said the Marchioness.

"You need not look so agitated, my love," said the Marquess; "I have written to Mrs. Million, to say that we shall be most happy to see her; but, as the Castle is very full, she must not come with fifty carriages in four, as she did last year."

"And will Mrs. Million dine with us in the hall, Marquess?" asked Cynthia Courtown.

" Mrs. Million will do what she likes; I only know that I shall dine in the hall, whatever happens, and whoever comes; and so, I suppose, will Miss Cynthia Courtown ?"

Vivian rode out alone, immediately after breakfast, to cure his melancholy by a hard gallop. He left his horse to choose its own road; and, at length, he found himself plunging in a corn field.

" Halloo, sir! beg pardon; but your horse's feet will do no good to that standing corn; for when there 's plenty of roads to ride over—my maxim is, keep out of inclosures."

Vivian turned round, and recognized a friend in the person of a substantial and neighbouring farmer.

Daniel Groves, or as he was commonly called *Mister Groves*, was one of those singular personages whose eccentricities procure them, from all the surrounding neighbourhood, the reputation of being " quite a character." Daniel

was a stout-built, athletic man, with a fine florid countenance, and a few grey hairs straggling over his forehead, and beautifully contrasting with his carnationed complexion. His hazel eyes were very small, but they twinkled with perpetual action. A turned-up nose gave his countenance a somewhat conceited expression; and, as he was in the habit of being *consulted* by the whole county, this expression became so habitual, that Mr. Groves always looked as if he himself quite agreed with the general opinion—that he was "one of the most long-headed fellows in these parts," and "quite a character." Daniel was not only opulent but flourishing; but he was not above attending to all the details of his farm, though frequently admitted to the tables of the principal neighbouring gentry.

But by this time Mister Groves, with a peculiarly large pet pitchfork over one shoulder,

and a handful of corn in the other hand, with which he occasionally nourished his ample frame in his toilsome march over the stubble, has reached the trespasser.

"What! is it you, Mr. Grey? who thought of seeing you here?"

"Oh! Mr. Groves, I wasn't aware I was trespassing on your corn."

"Oh! no matter, no matter; friends are always welcome, that's my maxim. But if you could keep a *leettle* nearer to the hedge."

"Oh! I'll come out immediately. Which way are you going? I've been thinking of calling on you."

"Well now, do, Sir; ride home with me and take a bit of something to eat. My mistress will be remarkable glad to see you. There's some nice cold pickled pork—we've an excellent cheese in cut; and as fine a barrel of ale in broach as you ever tasted."

"Why, Groves! really I can't turn back to-

day, for I want to look in at Conyers, and ask him about that trout stream."

"Well Sir! I'm sorry you 're so pushed, but I do wish you'd come in some day quite promiscuous. You said you would, for I want your opinion of some port wine I'm going to take with a friend."

"So I will with the greatest pleasure, but I 'm not at all a good judge of port, it 's too heavy for me; I'd sooner taste your ale."

"Ah! it's the fashion of you young squires to cry down port wine; but depend upon't, it's the *real* stuff. We never should have beat the French, if it hadn't been for their poor sour wines. That 's my maxim."

"Shall you dine at the Château to-day?"

"Why you see the Markiss makes such a point of it, that I can't well be off. And the county should be kept together sometimes.—That's the ground I go upon."

"Oh! do come—you must come—we can't

do without you; It's nothing without you, Groves."

"Well, really, you're very good to say so, so I can't say but what I will; but I hope there'll be something to eat and drink, which I know the name of, for the last time I 'tended, there was nothing but kickshaws; my stomach's not used to such Frenchified messes, and I was altogether *no-howish* by the time I got home. I said to my mistress, 'really,' says I, 'I don't know what's the matter with me, but my stomach's going remarkable wrong;' so she advised me to take a good stiff glass of brandy and water, while she got a couple of ducks roasted for supper, for peas were just in; sure enough that's all I wanted, for I slept well after it, and got up quite my own man again. There's nothing like a glass of brandy and water, cold, without sugar, when you're out of sorts. That's my maxim."

"And a very good maxim too, Mr. Groves.

I wish I could get you one of these mornings to look at a horse for me."

"I shall be very glad. The one you 're on, seems rather weak in the fore legs: I should blister him, if he belonged to me. But as to getting you a horse, why, it 's the wrong time of year; and I 'm so remarkable pushed on that point, that I hardly know what to say, but still I always like to do a good turn for a friend, that 's my maxim, so I can 't say but what I 'll see about it. There 's Harry Mounteney now, he wants me to ride over to Woodbury, to look at a brown mare; Stapylton Toad too, he says he 's never satisfied without my opinion, though he generally takes his own in the long run. Ah! those Londoners know nothing about horseflesh. Well, any day you 'll call, I 'm your man."

"Well, thank you, thank you, I shall keep you to your promise."

"Well, Sir! good morning, pleasant ride to

you. You'll keep to the roads, I'm sure, till harvest's in: though they mayn't be over good for a carriage, they're very fair for a bridle. That's the ground I stand upon."

As Vivian was returning home, he intended to look in at a pretty cottage near the park, where lived one John Conyers, an honest husbandman, and a great friend of Vivian's. This man had, about a fortnight ago, been of essential service to our hero, when a vicious horse, which he was endeavouring to cure of some ugly tricks, had nearly terminated his mortal career.

"Why are you crying so, my boy?" asked Vivian of a little Conyers, who was sobbing bitterly at the cottage door. He was answered only with desperate sobs. "Is your father at home?"

"Oh, 'tis your honour!" said a decent-looking woman, who came out of the cottage; "I thought they had come back again."

"Come back again! why, what's the matter, dame?"

"Oh! your honour, we're in sad distress; there's been a seizure this morning, and I'm mortal fear'd the good man's beside himself!"

"Good Heavens! why didn't you come to the castle? The Marquess surely never gave orders for the infliction of this misery."

"Oh! your honour, we a'n't his Lordship's tenants no longer; there's been a change for Purley Mead, and now we're Lord Mounteney's people. John Conyers has been behindhand ever sin he had the fever, but Mr. Sedgwick always gave time: but Lord Mounteney's gem'man says the system's bad, and so he'll put an end to it; and so all's gone, your honour; all's gone, and I'm mortal fear'd the good man's beside himself."

"And who's Lord Mounteney's man of business?"

"Mr. Stapylton Toad," sobbed the good

dame. "Here, boy, leave off crying, and hold my horse; keep your hold tight, but give him rein, he'll be quiet enough then. I'll see honest John, dame Conyers."

"I'm sure your honour's very kind, but I'm mortal feared the good man's beside himself, and he's apt to do very violent things when the fit 's on him. He hasn't been so bad, since young Barton behaved so wickedly to his sister."

"Never mind! I'll see him; there's nothing like a friend's face in the hour of sorrow."

"I wouldn't advise your honour," said the good dame, with a fearful expression of countenance; "It's an awful hour when the fit 's on him; he knows not friend or foe, and scarcely seems to know me, your honour."

"Never mind, never mind, I'll see him."

Vivian entered the cottage,—but, oh! the scene of desolation, who shall describe? The room was entirely stripped, literally of every thing; there was nothing left, save the bare

white-washed walls, and the red tiled flooring. The room was darkened; and seated on an old block of wood, which had been pulled out of the orchard, since the bailiff had left, was John Conyers. The fire was out, but his feet were still among the ashes. His head was buried in his hands, and bowed down nearly to his knees. The eldest girl, a fine sensible child of about thirteen, was sitting with two brothers on the floor in a corner of the room, motionless, their faces grave, and still as death, but tearless. Three young children, of an age too tender to know grief, were acting unmeaning gambols near the door.

"Oh! pray beware, your honour," earnestly whispered the poor dame, as she entered the cottage with the visitor.

Vivian walked up with a silent step to the end of the room, where John Conyers was sitting. He remembered this little room, when he thought it the very model of the abode of an English husbandman. The neat row of plates,

and the well-scoured utensils, and the fine old Dutch clock, and the ancient and amusing ballad, purchased at some neighbouring fair, or of some itinerant bibliopole, and pinned against the wall—all, all were gone!

"John Conyers!" exclaimed Vivian.

There was no answer, nor did the miserable man appear in the slightest degree to be sensible of Vivian's presence.

"My good John Conyers!"

The man raised his head from his resting place, and turned to the spot whence the voice proceeded. There was such an unnatural fire in his eyes, that Vivian's spirit almost quailed. Any one, but Vivian Grey, would have fled the house. His alarm was not decreased when he perceived, that the master of the cottage did not recognize him. The fearful stare was, however, short, and again the sufferer's face was hid.

The wife was advancing, but Vivian waved

his hand to her to withdraw, and she accordingly fell into the back ground; but her fixed eye did not leave her husband for a second.

"John Conyers, it is your friend, Mr. Vivian Grey, who is here," said Vivian.

"Grey!" moaned the husbandman, "Grey! who is he?"

"Your friend, John Conyers. Do you quite forget me?" said Vivian advancing, and with a tone which Vivian Grey could alone assume.

"I think I have seen you, and you were kind," and the face was again hid.

"And always will be kind, John Conyers. I have come to comfort you. I thought that a friend's voice would do you good in this hour of your affliction. Come, come, my good Conyers, cheer up, my man!" and Vivian dared to touch him. His hand was not repulsed. "Do you remember what good service you did me when I rode white-footed Moll. Oh! John Conyers, when the mare was plunging on the hill-top, I was much worse off than you are now;

and yet, you see, a friend came and saved me. You must not give way so, my good fellow. After all, a little management will set every thing right," and he took the husbandman's sturdy hand. John Conyers looked wildly round, but the unnatural fire that had glistened in his eyes was extinguished.

"I do remember you," he faintly cried; "I do remember you. *You* were always very kind."

"And always will be, I repeat, John Conyers; at least to friends like you. Come, come, there 's a man, cheer up and look about you, and let the sunbeam enter your cottage:" and Vivian beckoned to the wife to open the closed shutter.

Conyers stared around him, but his eye rested only on bare walls, and the big tear coursed down his hardy cheek.

"Nay, never mind man!" said Vivian, "we'll soon have chairs and tables again. And as for the rent, think no more about that at present."

The husbandman looked up to heaven, and then burst into the most violent hysterics. Vivian could scarcely hold down the powerful, and convulsed, frame of Conyers on his rugged seat; but the wife advanced from the back of the room, and her husband's head rested against her bosom. Vivian held his honest hand, and the eldest girl rose unbidden from her silent sorrow, and clung to her father's knee.

"The fit is over," whispered the wife. "There, there, there's a man, all is now well;" and Vivian left him resting on his wife's bosom.

"Here, you curly-headed rascal, scamper down to the village immediately, and bring up a basket of something to eat; and tell Morgan Price, that Mr. Grey says he's to send up a couple of beds, and some chairs here immediately, and some plates and dishes, and every thing else, and don't forget a bottle of wine;" so saying, Vivian flung the urchin a sovereign.

MAHARAJA SERFOJI ...

"And now, Dame Conyers, for Heaven's sake! light the fire. As for the rent, John Conyers, do not waste this trifle on *that*," whispered Vivian, slipping his purse into his hand, "for I'll see Stapylton Toad, and get time. Why, woman, you'll never strike a light, if your tears drop so fast into the tinder-box. Here give it me. You're not fit for work to-day. And how's the trout in Ravely Mead, John, this hot weather? You know you never kept your promise with me. Oh! you're a sad fellow! There! there's a spark! I wonder why old Toad didn't take the tinder-box. It's a very valuable piece of property, at least to us. Run and get me some wood, that's a good boy. And so white-footed Moll's past all recovery? Well, she was a pretty creature! There, that will do famously," said Vivian, fanning the flame with his hat. "See, it mounts well! And now, God bless you all! for I'm an hour too late, and must scamper for my very life."

SERFOJI'S

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ARRIVAL.

Mrs. Million arrived, and kept her promise; only three carriages and four! Out of the first descended the mighty lady herself, with some noble friends, who formed the most distinguished part of her suite: out of the second came her physician, Dr. Sly; her toad-eater, Miss Gusset; her secretary, and her page. The third carriage bore her groom of the chambers, and three female attendants. There were only two men servants to each equipage; nothing could be more moderate, or, as Miss Gusset said, "in better taste."

Mrs. Million, after having granted the Marquess a private interview in her private apartments, signified her imperial intention of dining in public, which, as she had arrived late, she trusted she might do in her travelling dress. The Marquess *kotooed* like a first-rate mandarin, and vowed "that her will was his conduct."

The whole suite of apartments was thrown open; and was crowded with guests. Mrs. Million entered; she was leaning on the Marquess's arm, and in a travelling dress, namely, a crimson silk pelisse, hat and feathers, with diamond ear-rings, and a rope of gold round her neck. A train of about twelve persons, consisting of her noble fellow travellers, toad-eaters, physicians, secretaries, &c. &c. &c. followed. The entrée of his Majesty could not have created a greater sensation, than did that of Mrs. Million. All fell back. Gartered peers, and starred ambassadors, and baronets with titles older than the creation, and squires,

to the antiquity of whose blood, chaos was a novelty; all retreated, with eyes that scarcely dared to leave the ground—even Sir Plantagenet Pure, whose family had refused a peerage regularly every century, now, for the first time in his life, seemed *cowed*, and in an awkward retreat to make way for the approaching presence, got entangled with the Mameluke boots of my Lord Alhambra.

At last, a sofa was gained, and the great lady was seated, and the sensation having somewhat subsided, conversation was resumed; and the mighty Mrs. Million was not slightly abused, particularly by those who had bowed lowest at her entrée; and now the Marquess of Carabas, as was wittily observed by Mr. Septimus Sessions, a pert young barrister, "went the circuit," that is to say, made the grand tour of the suite of apartments, making remarks to every one of his guests, and keeping up his influence in the county.

"Ah, my Lord Alhambra! this is too kind: and how is your excellent father, and my good friend?—Sir Plantagenet, your's most sincerely; we shall have no difficulty about that right of common.—Mr. Leverton, I hope you find the new plough work well—your son, sir, will do the county honour.—Sir Godfrey, I saw Barton upon that point, as I promised.—Lady Julia, I'm rejoiced to see ye at Château Desir, more blooming than ever!—Good Mr. Stapylton Toad, so that little change was effected!—My Lord Devildrain, this is a pleasure *indeed!*"

"Why, Ernest Clay," said Mr. Buckhurst Stanhope, "I thought Alhambra wore a turban—I'm quite disappointed."

"Not in the country, Stanhope; here, he only sits cross-legged on an ottoman, and carves his venison with an ataghan."

"Well, I'm glad he doesn't wear a turban—that would be *bad taste*, I think;" said Fool Stanhope. "Have you read his poem?"

"A little. He sent me a copy, and as I'm in the habit of lighting my cigar or so occasionally with a leaf, why I can't help occasionally seeing a line—it seems quite first-rate."

"Indeed!" said Fool Stanhope, "I must get it."

"My dear Puff! I'm quite glad to find you here," said Mr. Cayenne, a celebrated reviewer, to Mr. Parthenopex Puff, a small litterateur and smaller wit. "Have you seen Middle Ages lately?"

"Not very lately," drawled Mr. Parthenopex. "I breakfasted with him before I left town, and met a Professor Bopp there, a very interesting man, and Principal of the celebrated University of Heligoland, the model of the London."

"Ah! indeed! talking of the London, is Foaming Fudge to come in for Westmoreland?"

"Doubtless! Oh! he's a prodigious fellow! What do you think Booby says? he says,

that Foaming Fudge can do more than any man in Great Britain: that he had one day to plead in the King's Bench, spout at a tavern, speak in the house, and fight a duel—and that he found time for every thing but *the last*."

"Excellent!" laughed Mr. Cayenne.

Mr. Parthenopex Puff was reputed in a certain set, a sayer of good things, but he was a modest wit, and generally fathered his *bon mots* on his valet Booby, his monkey, or his parrot.

"I saw you in the last number," said Cayenne. "From the quotations from your own works, I imagine the review of your own book was by yourself?"

"What do you think Booby said?"

"Mr. Puff, allow me to introduce you to Lord Alhambra," said Ernest Clay, by which means Mr. Puff's servant's last good thing was lost.

"Mr. Clay, are you an archer?" asked Cynthia Courtown.

" No, fair Dian; but I can act Endymion."

" I don't know what you mean—go away."

" Aubrey Vere, welcome to ——shire. Have you seen Prima Donna?"

" No, is he here? How did you like his last song in the Age?"

" *His* last song! Pooh! he only supplies the scandal."

" Groves," said Sir Hanway Etherington, " have you seen the newspaper this morning? Baron Crupper has tried fifteen men for horse stealing at York, and acquitted every one."

" Well then, Sir Hanway, I think his Lordship's remarkable wrong; for when a man gets a horse to suit him, if he loses it, 'tis n't so easy to suit himself again. That's the ground I stand upon."

" Well, there's a good deal in what you say, Groves. By the bye, have you let that nice house which your father used to live in?"

" No, Sir Hanway, no! I keep it, in case any

thing should happen to Tom, for he's getting a very likely young man, and he'll be fittish to marry soon. That's the ground I stand upon."

All this time the Marquess of Carabas had wanted Vivian Grey twenty times, but that gentleman had not appeared. The important moment arrived, and his Lordship offered his arm to Mrs. Million, who, as the Gotha Almanack says, "takes precedence of all Archduchesses, Grand Duchesses, Duchesses, Princesses, Landgravines, Margravines, Palsgravines, &c. &c. &c."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE HALL.

In their passage to the Hall, the Marquess and Mrs. Million met Vivian Grey, booted and spurred, and covered with mud.

"Oh!—Mrs. Million—Mr. Vivian Grey. How's this, my dear fellow? you'll be too late."

"Immense honour!" said Vivian, bowing to the ground to the lady. "Oh! my Lord, I was late, and made a short cut over Fearnley Bog. It has proved a very Moscow expedition. However I'm keeping you. I shall be in time for the guava and liqueurs, and you know that's the only refreshment I ever take."

"Who is that, Marquess?" asked Mrs. Million.

"That is Mr. Vivian Grey, the most monstrous clever young man, and nicest fellow I know."

"He does indeed seem a very nice young man," said Mrs. Million; for she rather admired Vivian's precocious taste for liqueurs.

I wish some steam process could be invented for arranging guests when they are above five hundred. In the present instance all went wrong when they entered the Hall; but, at last, the arrangements, which, by the bye, were of the simplest nature, were comprehended, and the guests were seated. There were three tables, each stretching down the Hall; the Dais was occupied by a military band. The number of guests, the contrast between the antique chamber, and their modern costumes, the music, the various liveried menials, all combined to produce a *tout ensemble*, which

at the same time was very striking, and "*in remarkable good taste*."

In process of time, Mr. Vivian Grey made his entrée. There were a few vacant seats at the bottom of the table, "luckily for him," as kindly remarked Mr. Grumbleton. To the astonishment and indignation, however, of this worthy squire, the late comer passed by the unoccupied position, and proceeded onward with the most undaunted coolness, until he came to about the middle of the middle table, and which was nearly the best situation in the hall.

"Beautiful Cynthia," said Vivian Grey, softly and sweetly whispering in Miss Courtown's ear, "I 'm sure you will give up your place to me; you have nerve enough, you know, for *any thing*, and would no more care for standing *out*, than I for sitting *in*." There's nothing like giving a romp credit for a little boldness. To keep up her character, she will out-herod Herod.

"Oh! Grey, is it you? certainly, you shall have my place immediately—but I'm not sure that we cannot make room for you. Dormer Stanhope, room must be made for Grey, or I shall leave the table immediately;—you men!" said the hoyden, turning round to a set of surrounding servants, "push this form down, and put a chair between."

The men obeyed. All who sat lower in the table on Miss Cynthia Courtown's side, than that lady, were suddenly propelled downwards about the distance of two feet. Dr. Sly, who was flourishing an immense carving-knife and fork, preparatory to dissecting a very gorgeous haunch, had these fearful instruments suddenly precipitated into a trifle, from whose sugared trellice-work he found great difficulty in extricating them; while Miss Gusset, who was on the point of cooling herself with some exquisite iced jelly, found her frigid portion as suddenly transformed into a plate of peculiarly

ardent curry, the property, but a moment before, of old Colonel Rangoon. Every thing, however, receives a civil reception from a toad-eater, so Miss Gusset burnt herself to death by devouring a composition, which would have reduced any one to ashes who had not fought against Bundoolah.

"Now, that's what I call a very sensible arrangement;—what could go off better?" said Vivian.

"You may think so, Sir," said Mr. Boreall, a sharp-nosed and conceited-looking man, who, having got among a set whom he didn't the least understand, was determined to take up Dr. Sly's quarrel, merely for the sake of conversation. "You, I say, Sir, may think it so, but I rather imagine that the ladies and gentlemen lower down, can hardly think it *a very sensible arrangement;*" and here Boreall looked as if he had done his duty, in giving a young man a proper reproof.

Vivian glanced a look, which would have been annihilation to any one, not a freeholder of five hundred acres. "I had reckoned upon two deaths, Sir, when I entered the hall, and finding, as I do, that the whole business has apparently gone off without any fatal accident, why, I think the circumstances bear me out in my expression."

Mr. Boreall was one of those unfortunate men who always take things *au pied de lettre:* he consequently looked amazed, and exclaimed, "Two deaths, Sir?"

"Yes, Sir, two deaths; I reckoned, of course, on some corpulent parent being crushed to death in the scuffle, and then I should have had to shoot his son through the head for his filial satisfaction. Dormer Stanhope, I never thanked you for exerting yourself: send me that fricandeau you have just helped yourself to."

Dormer, who was, as Vivian well knew, something of an epicure, looked rather annoyed, but

by this time he was accustomed to Vivian Grey, and sent him the portion he had intended for himself—could epicure do more?

"Who are we among, bright Cynthia?" asked Vivian.

"Oh! an odd set," said the lady, looking dignified; "but you know we can be *exclusive*."

"*Exclusive!* pooh! trash—talk to every body—it looks as if you were going to stand for the county. Have we any of the Millionaires near us?"

"The Doctor, and Toadey are lower down."

"Where's Mrs. Felix Lorraine?"

"At the opposite table, with Ernest Clay."

"Oh! there's Alhambra next to Dormer Stanhope. Lord Alhambra, I'm quite rejoiced to see you."

"Ah! Mr. Grey—I'm quite rejoiced to see you. How's your father?"

"Extremely well—he's at Paris—I heard

from him yesterday. Do you ever see the Weimar Literary Gazette, my Lord?"

"No;—why?"

"There's a most admirable review of your poem, in the last number I've received."

The young nobleman looked agitated. "I think, by the style," continued Vivian, "that it's by Goëthe. It is really quite delightful to see the oldest poet in Europe, dilating on the brilliancy of a new star in the poetical horizon."

This was uttered with a perfectly grave voice, and now the young nobleman blushed—

"Who is *Gewter?*" asked Mr. Boreall, who possessed such a thirst for knowledge, that he never allowed an opportunity to escape him of displaying his ignorance.

"A celebrated German writer," lisped the modest Miss Macdonald, who was, of course, *beginning* German.

"I never heard his name," persevered the indefatigable Boreall;—"how do you spell it?"

"G O E T H E," relisped modesty.

"Oh! *Goty!*" exclaimed the querist—"I know him well: he wrote the Sorrows of Werter."

"Did he indeed, Sir?" asked Vivian, with the most innocent and inquiring face.

"Oh! don't you know that?" said Boreall;—"and poor stuff it is!" and here the worthy, and vulgar, landholder laughed loud and long.

"Lord Alhambra! I'll take a glass of Johannisberg with you, if the Marquess's wines are in the state they *should* be—

'The Crescent warriors sipped their sherbet spiced,
For Christian men the various wines were *iced.*'

I always think that those are the two most admirable lines in your Lordship's poem," said Vivian.

His Lordship did not exactly remember them: it would have been a wonder if he had:—but

he thought Vivian Grey the most delightful fellow he ever met, and determined to ask him to Helicon Castle, for the Christmas holidays.

"Flat! flat!" said Vivian, as he dwelt upon the flavour of the Rhine's glory. "Not exactly from the favourite binn of Prince Metternich, I think. By-the-bye, Dormer Stanhope, you 've a taste that way; I'll tell you two secrets, which never forget: decant your Johannisberg, and ice your Maraschino. Ay, don't stare, my dear Gastronome, but do it."

"Oh, Vivian Grey, you little love! why didn't you come and speak to me?" exclaimed a lady who was sitting at the side opposite Vivian, but much higher in the table.

"Ah! adorable Lady Julia! and so you were *done* on the grey filly."

"*Done!*" said the sporting beauty with pouting lips;—"but it 's a long story, and I'll tell it you another time."

"Ah! do. How 's Sir Peter?"

"Oh! he's had a fit or two, since you saw him last."

"Poor old gentleman! let's drink his health;" and the Baronet's recovery was quaffed by the lady, and Vivian, with a very piquant expression of countenance.

"Do you know Lady Julia Knighton?" asked Vivian of his neighbour. Before he could receive an answer, he was again rattling on:—"This hall is bearable to dine in; but I once breakfasted here, and I never shall forget the ludicrous effect produced by the sun through the oriel window. Such complexions! Every one looked like a prize-fighter ten days after a battle. After all, painted glass is a bore; I wish the Marquess would have it knocked out, and have plated."

"Knock out the painted glass!" said Mr. Boreall; "well, I must confess *I* cannot agree with you."

" I should have been extremely surprised if you could. If you don't insult that man, Miss Courtown, in ten minutes I shall be no more. I 've already a nervous fever."

" May I have the honour of taking a glass of Champagne with you, Mr. Grey ?" said Boreall.

" *Mr. Grey*, indeed !" muttered Vivian : " Sir, I never drink anything but brandy."

" Allow me to give *you* some Champagne, Miss," resumed Boreall, as he attacked the modest Miss Macdonald ; " Champagne, you know," continued he, with a smile of agonising courtesy, " is quite the lady's wine.'

" Cynthia Courtown," whispered Vivian with a sepulchral voice, " 'tis all over with me—I 've been thinking what could come next. This is *too* much—I 'm already dead—have Boreall arrested ; the chain of circumstantial evidence is very strong."

"Baker!" said Vivian, turning to a servant, "Go, and enquire if Mr. Stapylton Toad dines at the Castle to-day."

A flourish of trumpets announced the rise of the Marchioness of Carabas, and in a few minutes the most ornamental portion of the guests had disappeared. The gentlemen made a general "move up," and Vivian found himself opposite his friend, Mr. Hargrave.

"Ah! Mr. Hargrave, how d'ye do? What do you think of the Secretary's state paper?"

"A magnificent composition, and quite unanswerable. I was just speaking of it to my friend here, Mr. Metternich Scribe. Allow me to introduce you to—Mr. Metternich Scribe."

"Mr. Metternich Scribe—Mr. Vivian Grey!" and here Mr. Hargrave introduced Vivian to an effeminate-looking, perfumed, young man, with a handsome, unmeaning face, and very white hands. In short, as dapper a little diplo-

matist as ever tattled about the Congress of Verona, smirked at Lady Almack's supper after the Opera, or vowed "that Richmond Terrace was a most convenient situation for official men."

"We have had it with us many weeks, before the public received it," said the future under-secretary, with a look at once condescending, and conceited.

"Have you?" said Vivian: "well, it does your office credit. It's a singular thing, that Canning, and Croker, are the only official men who can write grammar."

The dismayed young gentleman of the Foreign Office was about to mince a repartee, when Vivian left his seat, for he had a great deal of business to transact. "Mr. Leverton," said he, accosting a flourishing grazier, "I have received a letter from my friend, M. De Noé. He is desirous of purchasing some Leices-

tershires for his estate in Burgundy. Pray, may I take the liberty of introducing his agent to you ?"

Mr. Leverton was delighted.

" I also wanted to see you about some other little business. Let me see what was it. Never mind, I'll take my wine here, if you can make room for me ; I shall remember it, I dare say, soon. Oh ! by-the-bye—ah ! that was it. Stapylton Toad—Mr. Stapylton Toad ; I want to know all about Mr. Stapylton Toad—I dare say you can tell me. A friend of mine intends to consult him on a little parliamentary business, and he wishes to know something about him before he calls."

As I am a great lover of conciseness, I shall *resumer*,* for the benefit of the reader, the information of Mr. Leverton.

Stapylton Toad had not the honour of being

* I have ventured on using this word, in spite of the plaintive remonstrances contained in a pretty little article in the last Number of the Quarterly Review. I

acquainted with his father's name; but as the son found himself, at an early age, apprenticed to a solicitor of eminence, he was of opinion that his parent must have been respectable. *Respectable!* mysterious word! Stapylton was a very diligent and faithful clerk, but was not as fortunate in his apprenticeship as the celebrated Whittington, for his master had no daughter, and many sons; in consequence of which, Stapylton, not being able to become his master's partner, became his master's rival.

On the door of one of the shabbiest houses in Jermyn-street, the name of Mr. Stapylton

deprecate equally with the Reviewer, "the *hodge-podge* of languages," now so much in vogue; and although I am not quite prepared to say that I consider this practice "as nauseous as wearing perfumes," I must exceedingly regret, that such an authority as the Quarterly Review, and so strenuous an advocate for "keeping our pure well of English undefiled," as this Quarterly Reviewer, should interlard his sentences with the tritest Latin quotations, with a classical enthusiasm worthy of a very young school-boy, or a very ancient school-master.

Toad for a long time figured, magnificently engraved on a broad brass plate. There was nothing, however, otherwise, in the appearance of the establishment, which indicated that Mr. Toad's progress was very rapid, or his professional career extraordinarily prosperous. In an outward office one solitary clerk was seen, oftener stirring his office fire, than wasting his master's ink; and Mr. Toad was known by his brother attorneys, as a gentleman who was not recorded in the courts as ever having conducted a single cause. In a few years, however, a story was added to the Jermyn-street abode, which new pointed, and new painted, began to assume a most mansion-like appearance. The house-door was also thrown open, for the solitary clerk no longer found time to answer the often agitated bell; and the eyes of the entering client were now saluted by a gorgeous green baize office door; the imposing appearance of which was only equalled by Mr. Toad's new

private portal, splendid with a brass knocker, and patent varnish. And now his brother attorneys began to wonder "how Toad got on! and who Toad's clients were!"

A few more years rolled over, and Mr. Toad was seen riding in the Park at a most classical hour, attended by a groom in a most classical livery. And now "the profession" wondered still more, and significant looks were interchanged by "the respectable houses;" and flourishing practitioners in the City shrugged up their shoulders, and talked mysteriously of "money business," and "some odd work in annuities." In spite, however, of the charitable surmises of his brother lawyers, it must be confessed, that nothing of even an *equivocal* nature ever transpired against the character of the flourishing Mr. Toad, who, to complete the mortification of his less successful rivals, married, and at the same time moved from Jermyn-street to Cavendish-square. The new residence

MAHARAJA B...

of Mr. Toad, had previously been the mansion of a noble client, and one whom, as the world said, Mr. Toad "had got out of difficulties." This significant phrase will probably throw some light upon the nature of the mysterious business of our prosperous practitioner. Noble Lords who have been *in* difficulties, will not much wonder at the prosperity of those who get them *out*.

About this time Mr. Toad became acquainted with Lord Mounteney, a nobleman in great distress, with fifty thousand per annum. His Lordship "really did not know how he got *involved;* he never gamed, he was not married, and his consequent expenses had never been unreasonable; he was not extraordinarily negligent—quite the reverse, was something of a man of business, remembered once looking over his accounts; and yet, in spite of this regular and correct career, found himself quite *involved*, and must leave England."

The arrangement of the *Mounteney property* was the *coup finale* of Mr. Stapylton Toad's professional celebrity. His Lordship was *not* under the necessity of quitting England; and found himself, in the course of five years, in the receipt of a clear rental of five-and-twenty thousand per annum. His Lordship was in raptures; and Stapylton Toad purchased an elegant villa in Surrey, and became a Member of Parliament. Goodburn Park, for such was the name of Mr. Toad's country residence, in spite of its double lodges, and patent park paling, was not, to Mr. Toad, a very expensive purchase; for he "took it off the hands" of a distressed client, who wanted an immediate supply, "merely to convenience him," and, consequently, became the purchaser at about half its real value. "Attorneys," as Bustle the auctioneer says, "have *such* opportunities!"

Mr. Toad's career in the House, was as correct as his conduct out of it. After ten years'

regular attendance, the boldest conjecturer would not have dared to define his political principles. It was a rule with Stapylton Toad, *never to commit himself*. Once, indeed, he wrote an able pamphlet on the Corn Laws, which excited the dire indignation of that egregious body, the Political Economy Club. But Stapylton cared little for their subtle confutations, and their loudly expressed contempt. He had obliged the country gentlemen of England, and ensured the return, at the next election, of Lord Mounteney's brother for the county. At this general election also, Stapylton Toad's purpose in entering the House became rather more manifest; for it was found, to the surprise of the whole county, that there was scarcely a place in England—county, city, town, or borough—in which Mr. Stapylton Toad did not possess some influence. In short, it was discovered, that Mr. Toad had "a first rate parliamentary business;" that nothing could be done without his

co-operation, and every thing with it. In spite of his prosperity, Stapylton had the good sense never to retire from business, and even to refuse a baronetcy, on condition, however, that it should be offered to his son.

Stapylton, like the rest of mankind, had his weak points.—The late Marquess of Almacks was wont to manage him very happily, and Toad was always introducing that minister's opinion of his importance—" 'My time is quite at your service, General,' although the poor dear Marquess used to say, 'Mr. Stapylton Toad, *your* time is *mine*.' He knew the business I had to get through!" The family portraits also, in most ostentatious frames, now adorned the dining-room of his London mansion; and it was amusing to hear the worthy M. P. dilate upon his likeness to his respected father.

"You see, my Lord," Stapylton would say, pointing to a dark, dingy, picture of a gentleman in a rich court dress, "you see, my Lord,

it is not in a very good light, and it certainly is a very dark picture—by Hudson; all Hudson's pictures were dark. But if I were six inches taller, and could hold the light just *there*, I think your Lordship would be astonished at the resemblance; but it's a dark picture, certainly it's dark,—all Hudson's pictures were."

CHAPTER XV.

THE DRAWING ROOM.

The Cavaliers have left the ancient hall, and the old pictures frown only upon empty tables. The Marquess immediately gained a seat by Mrs. Million, and was soon engrossed in deep converse with that illustrious lady. In one room, the most eminent and exclusive, headed by Mrs. Felix Lorraine, were now winding through the soothing mazes of a slow waltz, and now whirling, with all the rapidity of Eastern dervishes, to true double Wiën time. In another saloon, the tedious tactics of quadrilles commanded the exertions of less civilized be-

ings: here, Liberal Snake, the celebrated Political Economist, was lecturing to a knot of terrified country gentlemen, and there a celebrated Italian improvisatore poured forth to an ignorant and admiring audience, all the dullness of his inspiration. Vivian Grey was holding an earnest conversation in one of the recesses with Mr. Stapylton Toad.—He had already charmed that worthy, by the deep interest which he took in every thing relating to elections, and the House of Commons, and now they were hard at work on the Corn Laws. Although they agreed upon the main points, and Vivian's ideas upon this important subject had, of course, been adopted after studying with intenseness Mr. Toad's "most luminous and convincing pamphlet," still there were a few minor points, on which Vivian "was obliged to confess," that "he did not exactly see his way." Mr. Toad was astonished, but argumentative, and of course, in due time, had made a convert of his companion;

"a young man," as he afterwards remarked to Lord Mounteney, "in whom, he knew not which most to admire, the soundness of his own views, or the candour with which he treated those of others." If you wish to win a man's heart, allow him to confute you.

"I think, Mr. Grey, you must admit, that that definition of *labour* is the correct one?" said Mr. Toad, looking earnestly in Vivian's face, his finger just presuming to feel a button.

"That exertion of mind or body, which is not the involuntary effect of the influence of natural sensations," slowly repeated Vivian, as if his whole soul was concentrated in each monosyllable—"Y—e—s, Mr. Toad, I do admit it."

"Then, my dear Sir, the rest follows of course," triumphantly exclaimed the Member. "Don't you see it?"

"Although I admit the correctness of your definition, Mr. Toad, I am not free to confess, that I am ex—act—ly convinced of the sound-

ness of your conclusion," said Vivian, in a very musing mood.

"But, my dear Sir, I am surprised that you don't see, that—"

"Stop, Mr. Toad," eagerly exclaimed Vivian, "I see my error. I misconceived your meaning: you *are* right, Sir, your definition is correct."

"I was confident that I should convince you, Mr. Grey."

"This conversation, I assure you, Mr. Toad, has been to me a peculiarly satisfactory one. Indeed, Sir, I have long wished to have the honour of making your acquaintance. When but a boy, I remember at my father's table, the late Marquess of Almacks—"

"Yes, Mr. Grey."

"One of the ablest men, Mr. Toad, after all, that this country ever produced."

"Oh, poor dear man!"

"I remember him observing to a friend of

mine, who was at that time desirous of getting into the House.—'Hargrave,' said his lordship, 'if you want any information upon points of *practical politics*'—that was his phrase; you remember, Mr. Toad, that his lordship was peculiar in his phrases?"

"Oh! yes, poor dear man; but you were observing, Mr. Grey——"

"Ay, ay! 'If you want any information,' said his lordship, 'on such points, there is *only one* man in the kingdom whom you should consult, and he's one of the soundest heads I know, and that's Stapylton Toad, the member for Mounteney;' you know you were in for Mounteney then, Mr. Toad."

"I was, I was, and accepted the Chilterns to make room for Augustus Clay, Ernest Clay's brother; who was so involved, that the only way to keep him out of the House of Correction, was to get him into the House of Commons. But the Marquess said so, eh?"

"Ay, and much more, which I scarcely can remember;" and then followed a long dissertation on the character of the noble statesman, and his views as to the agricultural interest, and the importance of the agricultural interest; and then a delicate hint was thrown out, as to "how delightful it would be to write a pamphlet together," on this mighty agricultural interest; and then came an *éloge* on the character of country gentlemen, and English yeomen, and the importance of keeping up the old English spirit in the peasantry, &c. &c. &c. &c.; and then, when Vivian had led Mr. Toad to deliver a most splendid and patriotic oration on this point, he "just remembered, (quite *apropos* to the sentiments which Mr. Toad had just delivered, and which he did not hesitate to say, 'did equal honour to his head and heart,') that there was a little point, which, if it was not trespassing too much on Mr. Toad's attention, he would just submit to him;" and then he

mentioned poor John Conyers' case, although "he felt convinced from Mr. Toad's well-known benevolent character, that it was quite unnecessary for him to do so, as he felt assured that it would be remedied immediately it fell under his cognizance, but then Mr. Toad had really so much business to transact, that perhaps these slight matters might occasionally not be submitted to him," &c. &c. &c.

What could Stapylton Toad do but, after a little amiable grumbling about "bad system, and bad precedent," promise every thing that Vivian Grey required?

"Mr. Vivian Grey," said Mrs. Felix Lorraine, "I cannot understand why you've been talking to Mr. Toad so long; will you waltz?"

Before Vivian could answer, a tittering, so audible that, considering the rank of the parties, it might almost be termed a loud shout, burst forth from the whole room. Cynthia Courtown had stolen behind Lord Alhambra, as he was

sitting on an Ottoman, *à la Turque*, and had folded a Cachemere shawl round his head, with a most Oriental tie. His Lordship, who, notwithstanding his eccentricities, was really a most amiable man, bore his blushing honours with a gracious dignity, worthy of a descendant of the Abencerrages. The sensation which this incident occasioned, favoured Vivian's escape from Mrs. Felix, for he had not left Mr. Stapylton Toad with any intention of waltzing.

But he had hardly escaped from the waltzers, ere he found himself in danger of being involved in a much more laborious duty; for now he stumbled on the Political Economist, and he was earnestly requested by the contending theorists, to assume the office of moderator. Emboldened by his success, Liberal Snake had had the hardihood to attack a personage of whose character he was not utterly ignorant, but on whom he was extremely desirous of "making an impression." This im-

portant person was Sir Christopher Mowbray, who, upon the lecturer presuming to inform him "what *rent* was," "damned himself if he didn't know what rent was, a damned deal better than any damnationed French smuggler." I don't wish to be coarse, but Sir Christopher is a great man, and the sayings of great men, particularly when they are representative of the sentiment of a species, should not pass unrecorded.

Sir Christopher Mowbray is member for the County of ———shire; and member for the county he intends to be next election, although he is in his seventy-ninth year, for he can still follow a fox, with as pluck a heart, and with as stout a voice, as any squire in Christendom. Sir Christopher, it must be confessed, is rather peculiar in his ideas. His grandson, Peregrine Mowbray, who is as pert a genius as the applause of a common-room ever yet spoiled, and as sublime an orator as the cheerings of the Union ever yet inspired, says "the Baronet

is not up to the nineteenth century;" and perhaps this very significant phrase will give the reader a more significant idea of Sir Christopher Mowbray, than a character as long, and as laboured, as the most perfect of my Lord Clarendon's. The truth is, the good Baronet had no idea of "liberal principles," or anything else of that school. His most peculiar characteristic, is a singular habit which he has got of styling political economists, *French smugglers.* Nobody has ever yet succeeded in extracting a reason from him for this singular appellation, and even if you angle with the most exquisite skill for the desired definition, Sir Christopher immediately salutes you with a volley of oaths, and damns French Wines, Bible Societies, and Mr. Huskisson. Sir Christopher for half a century has supported in the senate, with equal sedulousness and silence, the constitution, and the corn laws; he is perfectly aware of "the present perilous state of the country,"

and watches with great interest all "the plans, and plots" of this enlightened age. The only thing which he does not exactly comprehend, is the London University. This affair really puzzles the worthy gentleman, who could as easily fancy a county member not being a freeholder, as an University not being at Oxford or Cambridge. Indeed, to this hour the old gentleman believes that the whole business is "a damnationed hoax;" and if you tell him, that, far from the plan partaking of the visionary nature he conceives, there are actually four acres of very valuable land purchased near White Conduit House for the erection; and that there is little apprehension, that in the course of a century, the wooden poles which are now stuck about the ground, will be fair, and flourishing, as the most leafy bowers of New College gardens, the old gentleman looks up to heaven, as if determined not to be taken in, and leaning back in his chair, sends forth a

sceptical and smiling "No! no! no! that won't do."

Vivian extricated himself with as much grace as possible from the toils of the Economist, and indeed, like a skilful general, turned this little rencontre to account, in accomplishing the very end, for the attainment of which he had declined waltzing with Mrs. Felix Lorraine.

"My Lord," said Vivian, addressing the Marquess, who was still by the side of Mrs. Million, "I am going to commit a most ungallant act; but you great men must pay a tax for your dignity. I am going to disturb you. You are wanted by half the county! What could possibly induce you ever to allow a Political Economist to enter Château Desir? There are, at least, three Baronets and four Squires in despair, writhing under the tortures of Liberal Snake. They have deputed me to request your assistance, to save them from being defeated in the presence of half their tenantry; and I think,

my Lord," said Vivian, with a very serious voice, "if you could possibly contrive to interfere, it would be desirable. That lecturing knave never knows when to stop, and he's actually insulting men before whom, after all, he ought not dare to open his lips. I see that your Lordship is naturally not very much inclined to quit your present occupation, in order to act Moderator to a set of political brawlers; but come, you shall not be quite sacrificed to the county,—I will give up the waltz in which I was engaged, and keep your seat until your return."

The Marquess, who was always "keeping up county influence," was very shocked at the obstreperous conduct of Liberal Snake. Indeed he had viewed the arrival of this worthy with no smiling countenance, but what could he say—as he came in the suite of Lord Pert, who was writing, with the lecturer's assistance, a pretty little pamphlet on the Currency? Apo-

logising to Mrs. Million, and promising to return as soon as possible, and lead her to the music room, the Marquess retired, with the determination of annihilating one of the stoutest members of the Political Economy club.

Vivian began by apologising to Mrs. Million, for disturbing her progress to the hall, by his sudden arrival before dinner; and then for a quarter of an hour was poured forth the usual quantity of piquant anecdotes, and insidious compliments. Mrs. Million found Vivian's conversation no disagreeable relief to the pompous prosiness of the late *attaché*, and, although no brilliant star dangled at his breast, she could not refrain from feeling extremely pleased.

And now, having succeeded in commanding Mrs. Million's attention by that general art of pleasing, which was for all the world, and which was of course, formed upon his general experience of human nature,—Vivian began to make

his advances to Mrs. Million's feelings, by a particular art of pleasing; that is, an art which was for the particular person alone, whom he was at any time addressing, and which was founded on his particular knowledge of that person's character.

"How beautiful the old hall looked to-day! It is a scene which can only be met with in ancient families."

"Ah! there is nothing like old families!" remarked Mrs. Million, with all the awkward feelings of a *nouveau riche.*

"Do you think so?" said Vivian; "I once thought so myself, but I confess that my opinion is greatly changed.—After all, what is noble blood? My eye is now resting on a crowd of honourables, and yet, being among them, do we treat them in a manner differing in any way from that which we should employ to any individuals of a lower *caste*, who were equally uninteresting?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Million.

"The height of the ambition of the less exalted ranks is to be *noble*, because they conceive to be noble, implies to be superior; associating in their minds, as they always do, a pre-eminence over their equals.—But, to be noble, among nobles, where is the pre-eminence?"

"Where indeed?" said Mrs. Million; and she thought of herself, sitting the most considered personage in this grand castle, and yet with sufficiently base blood flowing in her veins.

"And thus, in the highest circles," continued Vivian, "a man is of course not valued because he is a Marquess, or a Duke; but because he is a great warrior, or a great statesman, or very fashionable, or very witty. In all classes but the highest, a peer, however unbefriended by nature or by fortune, becomes a man of a certain rate of consequence, but to be a person of consequence in the highest class, requires something else, except high blood."

"I quite agree with you in your sentiments,

Mr. Grey. Now what character, or what situation in life, would you choose, if you had the power of making your choice?"

"That is really a most metaphysical question. As is the custom of all young men, I have sometimes, in my reveries, imagined what I conceived to be a lot of pure happiness:—and yet Mrs. Million will perhaps be astonished that I was—neither to be nobly born, nor to acquire nobility, that I was not to be a literary man, nor a warrior, nor indeed any profession, nor a merchant, nor even a professional dandy."

"Oh! love in a cottage, I suppose;" interrupted Mrs. Million.

"Neither love in a cottage, nor science in a cell."

"Oh! pray tell me what it is."

"What it is? Oh! Lord Mayor of London, I suppose; that is the only situation which answers to my oracular description."

"Oh! then you've been joking all this time!"

"Oh! no; not at all. Come then, let us imagine this perfect lot. In the first place, I would be born in the middling classes of society, or even lower, because I would wish my character to be impartially developed. I would be born to no hereditary prejudices, nor hereditary passions. My course in life should not be carved out by the example of a grandfather, nor my ideas modelled to a preconceived system of family perfection. Do you like my first principle, Mrs. Million?"

"I must hear every thing before I give an opinion."

"When, therefore, my mind was formed, I would wish to become the proprietor of a princely fortune."

"Yes!" eagerly exclaimed Mrs. Million.

"And now would come the moral singularity of my fate. If I had gained this fortune by

...HARAJA SERFOGI'S ...

commerce, or in any other similar mode, my disposition, before the creation of this fortune, would naturally be formed, and be permanently developed; and my mind would be similarly affected, had I succeeded to some ducal father; for I should then, in all probability, have inherited some family line of conduct, both moral and political; but under the circumstances I have imagined, the result would be far different. I should then be in the singular situation of possessing, at the same time, unbounded wealth, and the whole powers and natural feelings of my mind, unoppressed and unshackled. Oh! how splendid would be my career! I would not allow the change in my condition to exercise any influence on my natural disposition. I would experience the same passions, and be subject to the same feelings, only they should be exercised, and influential in a wider sphere. Then would be seen the influence of great wealth, directed by a disposition similar to

that of the generality of men, inasmuch as it had been formed like that of the generality of men; and consequently, one much better acquainted with their feelings, their habits, and their wishes. Such a lot would indeed be princely! Such a lot would infallibly ensure the affection, and respect, of the great majority of mankind; and, supported by them, what should I care, if I were misunderstood by a few fools, and abused by a few knaves?"

Here came the Marquess to lead the lady to the concert. As she quitted her seat, a smile, beaming with graciousness, rewarded her youthful companion. "Ah!" thought Mrs. Million; "I go to the concert, but leave sweeter music than can possibly meet me there. What is the magic of these words? It is not flattery; such is not the language of Miss Gusset! It is not a *refacimento* of compliments: such is not the style with which I am saluted by the Duke of Doze, and the Earl of Lea-

therdale! Apparently I have heard a young philosopher delivering his sentiments upon an abstract point in human life; and yet have I not listened to the most brilliant apology for my own character, and the most triumphant defence of my own conduct. Of course it was unintentional, and yet how agreeable to be unintentionally defended!" So mused Mrs. Million, and she made a thousand vows, not to let a day pass over, without obtaining a pledge from Vivian Grey, to visit her on their return to the metropolis.

Vivian remained in his seat for some time after the departure of his companion. "On my honour, I have half a mind to desert my embryo faction, and number myself in her gorgeous retinue. Let me see—what part should I act? her secretary, or her toad-cater—or her physician, or her cook? or shall I be her page? Methinks I should make a pretty page, and hand a chased goblet as gracefully, as any

monkey that ever bent his knee in a Lady's chamber. Well! at any rate, there is this chance to be kept back, as the gambler does his last trump, or the cunning fencer his last *ruse*."

He rose to offer his arm to some stray fair one; for crowds were now hurrying to pine apples and lobster salads: that is to say, supper was ready in the LONG GALLERY.

In a moment Vivian's arm was locked in that of Mrs. Felix Lorraine.

"Oh, Mr. Grey, I have got a much better ghost story than even that of the Leyden Professor for you; but I'm so wearied with waltzing, that I must tell it you to-morrow. How came you to be so late this morning? Have you been paying many calls to-day? I quite missed you at dinner. Do you think Ernest Clay handsome? I daren't repeat what Lady Scrope said of you! You're an admirer of Lady Julia Knighton, I believe?—I don't much like

this plan of supping in the Long Gallery—it 's a favourite locale of mine, and I have no idea of my private promenade being invaded with the uninteresting presence of trifles and Italian creams. Have you been telling Mrs. Million that she was very witty?" asked Vivian's companion, with a very significant look.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASVATI MAHAL

CHAPTER XIV.

TOADEYS.

SWEET reader! you know what a Toadey is? That agreeable animal which you meet every day in civilized society. But perhaps you have not speculated very curiously upon this interesting race. *Tant pis!* for you cannot live many lustres, without finding it of some service to be a little acquainted with their habits.

The world in general is under a mistake as to the nature of these vermin. They are by no means characterised by that similarity of disposition, for which your common observer

gives them credit. There are Toadeys of all possible natures.

There is your Common-place Toadey, who merely echoes its feeder's common-place observations. There is your Playing-up Toadey, who, unconscious to its feeder, is always playing up to its feeder's weaknesses—and, as the taste of that feeder varies, accordingly provides its cates and confitures. A little bit of scandal for a dashing widow, or a pious little hymn for a sainted one; the secret history of a newly discovered gas for a May Fair feeder, and an interesting anecdote about a Newgate bobcap, or a Penitentiary apron, for a charitable one. Then there is your Drawing-out Toadey, who omits no opportunity of giving you a chance of being victorious, in an argument where there is no contest, and a dispute where there is no difference; and then there is ——; but I detest essay writing, so I introduce you at once to a party of these vermin. If you wish

to enjoy a curious sight, you must watch the Toadeys, when they are unembarrassed by the almost perpetual presence of their breeders —when they are animated by "the spirit of freedom;" when, like Curran's Negro, the chain bursts by the impulse of their swelling veins. The great singularity is the struggle between their natural and their acquired feelings: the eager opportunity which they seize of revenging their voluntary bondage, by their secret taunts on their adopted task-masters; and the servility, which they habitually mix up, even with their scandal. Like veritable Grimalkins, they fawn upon their victims previous to the festival—compliment them upon the length of their whiskers, and the delicacy of their limbs, prior to excoriating them, and dwelling on the flavour of their crashed bones. Oh! 'tis a beautiful scene, and ten thousand times more piquant than the humours of a Servants' Hall, or the

most grotesque and glorious moments of high life below stairs.

"Dear Miss Graves," said Miss Gusset, "you can't imagine how terrified I was at that horrible green parrot flying upon my head! I declare it pulled out three locks of hair."

"Horrible green parrot, my dear madam! why it was sent to my Lady by Prince Xtmnprqtosklw, and never shall I forget the agitation we were in about that parrot. I thought it would never have got to the Château, for the Prince could only send his carriage with it as far as Toadcaster; luckily my Lady's youngest brother, who was staying at Desir, happened to get drowned at the time,—and so Davenport, very clever of him! sent her on in my Lord Dormer's hearse."

"In the hearse! Good heavens, Miss Graves! How could you think of green parrots at such

an awful moment! I should have been in fits for three days. Eh! Dr. Sly?"

"Certainly you would, Madam—your nerves are very delicate."

"Well! I, for my part, never could see much use in giving up to one's feelings. It's all very well for commoners," rather rudely exclaimed the Marchioness' Toadey—"but we did not choose to expose ourselves to the servants, when the old General died this year. Every thing went on as usual. Her Ladyship attended Almacks; my Lord took his seat in the House; and I looked in at Lady Doubtful's; where we don't visit, but where the Marchioness wishes to be civil."

"Oh! we don't visit Lady Doubtful either," replied Miss Gusset: she hadn't a card for our *fête champêtre*. Oh! I was so sorry you were not in town. It was so delightful!

"Oh! do tell me who was there. I quite

long to know all about it. I saw an account of it in the papers. Every thing seemed to go off so well. Do tell me who was there?"

"Oh! there was plenty of Royalty at the head of the list. Really I can't go into particulars, but every body was there—who is any body—eh! Dr. Sly?"

"Certainly, Madam. The pines were most admirable; there are few people for whom I entertain a higher esteem than Mr. Gunter."

"The Marchioness seems very fond of her dog and parrot, Miss Graves—but she's a sweet woman!

"Oh, a dear, amiable creature! but I can't think how she can bear the eternal screaming of that noisy bird."

"Nor I, indeed. Well, thank goodness, Mrs. Million has no pets—eh! Dr. Sly?"

"Certainly—I'm clearly of opinion that it can't be wholesome to have so many animals

about a house. Besides which, I have noticed that the Marchioness always selects the nicest morsels for that little poodle; and I'm also clearly of opinion, Miss Graves, that the fit it had the other day arose from repletion."

"Oh! I've no doubt of it in the world. She consumes three pounds of arrow-root weekly, and two pounds of the finest loaf sugar, which I have the trouble of grating every Monday morning.—Mrs. Million appears to be a most amiable woman, Miss Gusset?"

"Oh! quite perfection—so charitable, so intellectual, such a soul! it's a pity though her manner is so abrupt, she really does not appear to advantage sometimes—eh! Dr. Sly?"

The Toadey's Toadey bowed assent as usual. "Well," rejoined Miss Graves, "that's rather a fault of the dear Marchioness,—a little want of consideration for another's feelings, but she means nothing."

"Oh, no! nor Mrs. Million, dear creature! *she* means nothing; though, I dare say, not knowing her so well as we do—eh! Dr. Sly?—you were a little surprised at the way in which she spoke to me at dinner."

"All people have their oddities, Miss Gusset. I 'm sure the Marchioness is not aware how she tries my patience about that little wretch Julie;—I had to rub her with warm flannels for an hour and a-half, before the fire this morning;—that 's that Vivian Grey's doing."

"Who is this Mr. Grey, Miss Graves?"

"Who, indeed!—Some young man the Marquess has picked up, and who comes lecturing here about poodles, and parrots, and thinking himself quite Lord Paramount, I assure you; I 'm surprised that the Marchioness, who is a most sensible woman, can patronize such conduct a moment; but whenever she begins to see through him, the young gentleman has

always got a story about a bracelet, or a bandeau, and quite turns her head."

"Very disagreeable, I'm sure—eh! Dr. Sly?"

"Some people are very easily managed. By the bye, Miss Gusset, who could have advised Mrs. Million to wear crimson? So large as she is, it does not at all suit her: I suppose it's a *favourite* colour."

"Dear Miss Graves, you're always so insinuating. What can Miss Graves mean—eh! Dr. Sly?"

A Lord Burleigh shake of the head.

"Cynthia Courtown seems as lively as ever," said Miss Gusset.

"Yes, lively enough, but I wish her manner was less *brusque*."

"*Brusque*, indeed! you may well say so: she nearly pushed me down in the hall; and when I looked as if I thought she might have given me

a little more room, she tossed her head and said, " Beg pardon, never saw you!"

" I wonder what Lord Alhambra sees in that girl?"

" Oh! those forward Misses always take the men—eh! Dr. Sly?"

" Well," said Miss Graves, " I 've no notion that it will come to any thing.—I am sure, I, for one, hope not," added she with all a Toadey's venom.

" The Marquess seems to keep a remarkably good table," said the Physician. " There was a haunch to-day, which I really think was the finest haunch I ever met with: but that little move at dinner,—it was, to say the least, very ill-timed."

" Yes, that was Vivian Grey again," said Miss Graves, very indignantly.

" So, you 've got the Beaconsfields here, Miss Graves:—nice, unaffected, quiet, people?"

"Yes! very quiet." "As you say, Miss Graves, *very* quiet, but a little heavy."

"Yes, heavy enough."

"If you had but seen the quantity of pine apples that boy Dormer Stanhope devoured at our Fête Champêtre!—but I've the comfort of knowing that they made him very ill—eh! Dr. Sly?"

"Oh! he learnt that from his uncle," said Miss Graves—"it's quite disgusting to see how that Vivian Grey encourages him."

"What an elegant, accomplished, woman Mrs. Felix Lorraine seems to be, Miss Graves! —I suppose the Marchioness is very fond of her?"

"Oh, yes—the Marchioness is so good-natured, that I dare say she thinks very well of Mrs. Felix Lorraine. She thinks well of every one—but I believe Mrs. Felix is rather a greater favourite with the *Marquess*."

"O——h!" drawled out Miss Gusset with a

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S

very significant tone. "I suppose she's one of your playing-up ladies. I think you told me she was only on a visit here."

"A pretty long visit though, for a sister-in-law —if sister-in-law she be. As I was saying to the Marchioness the other day, when Mrs. Felix offended her so violently by trampling on the dear little Julie—if it came into a Court of Justice, I should like to see the proof—that's all. At any rate, it's pretty evident that Mr. Lorraine has had enough of his bargain."

"Quite evident, I think—eh! Dr. Sly?— Those German women never make good English wives," continued Miss Gusset, with all a Toadey's patriotism.

"Talking of wives, didn't you think Lady Julia spoke very strangely of Sir Peter, after dinner to-day? I hate that Lady Julia, if it's only for petting Vivian Grey so. She positively called him "little love"—very flighty, and sickening."

"Yes, indeed—it is quite enough to make one sick—eh! Dr. Sly?"

The Doctor shook his head mournfully, remembering the haunch.

"They say Ernest Clay's in sad difficulties, Miss Gusset."

"Well, I always expected his dash would end in that. Those wild harum-scarum men are monstrous disagreeable.—I like a person of some reflection—eh! Dr. Sly?"

Before the doctor could bow his usual assent, there entered a pretty little page, very daintily attired in a fancy dress of green and silver. Twirling his richly chased dirk with one tiny white hand, and at the same time playing with a pet curl, which was most picturesquely flowing over his forehead, he advanced with ambling gait to Miss Gusset, and, in a mincing voice, and courtly phrase, summoned her to the imperial presence.

The lady's features immediately assumed

the expression which befitted the approaching interview, and in a moment Miss Graves and the physician were left alone.

"Very amiable young woman, Miss Gusset appears to be, Dr. Sly?"

"Oh! the most amiable being in the world—I owe her the greatest obligations."

"So gentle in her manners."

"O yes, *so* gentle."

"So considerate for every body."

"Oh, yes! *so* considerate," echoed the Aberdeen M. D.

"I am afraid though, she must sometimes meet with people who don't exactly understand her character: such extraordinary consideration for others is sometimes liable to misconstruction."

"Very sensibly remarked, Miss Graves; I am sure Miss Gusset means well; and that kind of thing is all very admirable in its way—but—but—

"But what, Dr. Sly?"

"Why, I was merely going to hazard an observation, that according to my feelings—that is, to my own peculiar view of the case,—I should prefer some people thinking more about their own business, and, and—but I mean nothing."

"Oh, no, of course not, Dr. Sly; you know we always except our own immediate friends—at least, when we can be sure they *are* our friends; but as you were saying, or going to say, those persons who are so very anxious about other people's affairs, are not always the most agreeable persons in the world to live with. It certainly did strike me, that that interference of Miss Gusset's about Julie today, was, to say the least, very odd."

"Oh, my dear madam! when you know her as well as I do, you'll see she's always ready to put in a word."

"Well! do you know, Dr. Sly, between our-

selves, that was exactly my impression; and she is then very, very——I don't exactly mean to say meddling, or inquisitive; but—but you understand me, Dr. Sly?"

"Perfectly; and if I were to speak my mind, which I don't hesitate to do in confidence to you, Miss Graves, I really should say, that she's the most jealous, irritable, malicious, meddling, and at the same time *fawning*, disposition, that I ever met with in the whole course of my life—and I speak from experience."

"Well, do you know, Dr. Sly, from all I've seen, that was exactly my impression; therefore I have been particularly careful not to commit myself to such a person."

"Ah! Miss Graves! if all ladies were like you!--O——h!"

"My *dear* Dr. Sly!"

MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL LIBRARY

CHAPTER XVII.

THE CABINET DINNER.

Vivian had duly acquainted the Marquess with the successful progress of his negotiations with their intended partizans, and his Lordship himself had conversed with them singly on the important subject. It was thought proper, however, in this stage of the proceedings, that the parties interested should meet together, and so the two Lords, and Sir Berdmore, and Vivian, were invited to dine with the Marquess alone, and in his library.

There was abundance of dumb waiters, and other inventions, by which the ease of the

guests might be consulted, without risking even their secret looks to the gaze of liveried menials. The Marquess's gentleman sat in an antichamber, in case human aid might be necessary, and every thing, as his Lordship averred, was "on the same system as the Cabinet Dinners."

In the ancient kingdom of England, it hath ever been the custom to dine previously to transacting business. This habit is one of those few which are not contingent upon the mutable fancies of fashion, and at this day we see Cabinet Dinners, and Vestry Dinners, alike proving the correctness of my assertion. Whether the custom really expedites the completion, or the general progress of the business which gives rise to it, is a grave question, which I do not feel qualified to decide. Certain it is, that very often, after the *dinner*, an appointment is made for the transaction of the *business* on the following morning: at the same time it must be re-

membered, that had it not been for the opportunity which the banquet afforded of developing the convivial qualities of the guests, and drawing out, by the assistance of generous wine, their most kindly sentiments, and most engaging feelings, it is very probable that the appointment for the transaction of the business would never have been made at all.

There certainly was every appearance that "the great business," as the Marquess styled it, would not be very much advanced by the cabinet dinner at Château Desir. For, in the first place, the table was laden "with every delicacy of the season," and really when a man is either going to talk sense, fight a duel, or make his will, nothing should be seen at dinner, save rump steaks, and the lightest Bourdeaux. And, in the second place, it must be candidly confessed, that when it came to the point of all the parties interested meeting, the Marquess's courage somewhat misgave him. Not that any par-

ticular reason occurred to him, which would have induced him to yield one jot of the *theory* of his sentiments, but the putting them in practice rather made him nervous. In short, he was as convinced as ever, that he was an ill used man of first rate talent, but then he remembered his agreeable sinecure, and his dignified office, and he might *not* succeed.— "The thought did not please."

But here they were all assembled; receding was impossible; and so the Marquess dashed off a tumbler of Burgundy, and felt more courageous. His Lordship's conduct did not escape the hawk eye of one of his guests, and Vivian Grey was rather annoyed at seeing the Marquess's glass so frequently refilled. In fact the Marquess was drinking deep, and deep drinking was neither my Lord Carabas' weak, nor strong point, for he was neither habitually a toper, nor one who bore wine's sweet influence like a docile subject.

The venison was so prime, that not one word relative to the subject of their meeting was broached during the whole dinner; and Lord Beaconsfield, more than once, thought to himself, that had he ever been aware that business was so agreeable, he too would have been a statesman. But the haunch at last vanished, and the speech from the throne commenced.

"My Lords and Gentlemen," began the Marquess, "although I have myself taken the opportunity of communicating to you singly my thoughts upon a certain subject, and although, if I am rightly informed, my excellent young friend has communicated to you more fully upon that subject; yet, my Lords and Gentlemen, I beg to remark, that this is the first time, that we have collectively assembled to consult on the possibility of certain views, upon the propriety of their nature, and the expediency of their adoption." Here the bottle passed, and the Marquess took a bumper.

"My Lords and Gentlemen, when I take into consideration the nature of the various interests, of which the body politic of this great empire is regulated; (Lord Courtown, the bottle stops with you) when I observe, I repeat, this, I naturally ask myself what right, what claims, what, what, what,—I repeat, what right, these governing interests have to the influence which they possess? (Vivian, my boy, you'll find Champagne on the waiter behind you.) Yes, gentlemen, it is in this temper (the corkscrew's by Sir Berdmore,) it is, I repeat, in this temper, and actuated by these views, that we meet together this day. Gentlemen, to make the matter short, it is clear to me that we have all been under a mistake; that my Lord Courtown, and my Lord Beaconsfield, and Sir Berdmore Scrope, and my humble self, are not doing our duty to our country, in not taking the management of its affairs into our own hands! Mr. Vivian Grey, a gentleman with whom you are

all acquainted,—Mr. Vivian Grey is younger than myself, or you, my Lord Courtown, or you, my Lord Beaconsfield, or even you, I believe, Sir Berdmore. Mr. Vivian Grey has consequently better lungs than any of us, and he will, I make no doubt, do, what I would, if I were of his age, explain the whole business to us all; and now my Lords, and Gentlemen, let us have a glass of Champagne."

A great deal of "desultory conversation," as the reporters style it, relative to the great topic of debate, now occurred; and, as the subject was somewhat dry, the Carabas Champagne suffered considerably. When the brains of the party were tolerably elevated, Vivian addressed them. The tenor of his oration may be imagined. He developed the new political principles, demonstrated the mistake under the baneful influence of which they had so long suffered, promised them place, and power, and patronage, and personal consideration, if they

would only act on the principles which he recommended, in the most flowing language, and the most melodious voice, in which the glories of ambition were ever yet chaunted. There was a buzz of admiration when the flattering music ceased; the Marquess smiled triumphantly, as if to say, "Didn't I tell you he was a monstrous clever fellow?" and the whole business seemed settled. Lord Courtown gave in a bumper, "*Mr. Vivian Grey, and success to his maiden speech;*" and Vivian dashed off a tumbler of Champagne to "*the New Union,*" and certainly the whole party were in extreme good spirits. At last, Sir Berdmore, the coolest of them all, raised his voice: "He quite agreed with Mr. Grey in the principles which he had developed; and, for his own part, he was free to confess, that he had the most perfect confidence in that gentleman's very brilliant abilities, and augured from their exertion the most complete and tri-

umphant success. At the same time, he felt it his duty to remark to their Lordships, and also to that gentleman, that the House of Commons was a new scene to him; and he put it, whether they were quite convinced that they were sufficiently strong, as regarded talent in that assembly. He could not take it upon himself to offer to become the leader of the party. Mr. Grey *might* be capable of undertaking that charge, but still, it must be remembered, that, in that assembly, he was, as yet, *untried.* He made no apology to Mr. Grey for speaking his mind so freely; he was sure that his motives could not be misinterpreted. If their Lordships, on the whole, were of opinion that this charge should be entrusted to him, he, Sir Berdmore, having the greatest confidence in Mr. Grey's abilities, would certainly support him to the utmost."

"He can do any thing," shouted the Marquess; who was now quite tipsy.

"He 's a surprising clever man!" said Lord Courtown.

He 's a surprising clever man!" echoed Lord Beaconsfield.

"Stop, my Lords," burst forth Vivian, "your good opinion deserves my gratitude, but these important matters do *indeed* require a moment's consideration. I trust that Sir Berdmore Scrope does not imagine that I am the vain idiot, to be offended at his most excellent remarks, even for a moment. Are we not met here for the common good—and to consult for the success of the common cause? Whatever my talents are, they are at your service—and, in your service, will I venture any thing; but surely, my Lords, you will not unnecessarily entrust this great business to a raw hand! I need only aver, that I am ready to follow any leader, who can play his great part in a becoming manner."

"Noble!" halloed the Marquess; who was now quite drunk.

But who was the leader to be? Sir Berdmore frankly confessed that he had none to propose; and the Viscount and the Baron were quite silent.

"Gentlemen!" bawled the Marquess, and his eye danced in his beaming face, "Gentlemen! there *is* a man, who could do our bidding." The eyes of every guest were fixed on the haranguing host.

"Gentlemen, fill your glasses—I give you our leader—Mr. Frederick Cleveland."

"Cleveland!" was the universal shout. A glass of claret fell from Lord Courtown's hand; Lord Beaconsfield stopped as he was about to fill his glass, and stood gaping at the Marquess, with the decanter in his hand; and Sir Berdmore stared on the table, as men do when something unexpected, and astounding, has occurred at dinner, which seems past all their management.

"Cleveland!" shouted the guests.

"I should as soon have expected you to have given us Lucifer!" said Lord Courtown.

"Or the present Secretary!" said Lord Beaconsfield.

"Or yourself," said Sir Berdmore Scrope.

"And does any one mean to insinuate that Frederick Cleveland is not capable of driving out every minister, that has ever existed since the days of the deluge?" demanded the Marquess, with a fierce air.

"We do not deny Mr. Cleveland's powers, my Lord; we only humbly beg to suggest that it appears to us, that, of all the persons in the world, the man with whom Mr. Cleveland would be least inclined to coalesce, would be the Marquess of Carabas."

In spite of the Champagne, the Marquess looked blank.

"Gentlemen," said Vivian, "do not despair; it 's enough for me to know that there *is* a man who is capable of doing our work. Be he animate man, or incarnate fiend, provided he can

be found within this realm, I pledge myself that, within ten days, he is drinking my noble friend's health at this very board."

The Marquess halloed, "Bravo!"—the rest laughed, and rose in confusion; Lord Beaconsfield fell over a chair, and, extricating himself with admirable agility, got entangled with a dumb-waiter, which came tumbling down with a fearful crash of plates, bottles, knives, and decanters. The pledge was, however, accepted, and the Marquess and Vivian were left alone. The worthy Peer, though terrifically tipsy, seemed quite overcome by Vivian's offer and engagement.

"Vivian, my boy! you don't know what you've done—you don't, indeed—take care of yourself, my boy,—you're going to call on the Devil; you are, indeed—you're going to leave your card at the Devil's. Didn't you hear what Lord Beaconsfield,—a very worthy gentleman, but, between ourselves, a damned fool—that's *entre nous*, though, *entre nous*—I say, didn't

you hear Lord Beaconsfield—no, was it Lord Beaconsfield? No, no, your memory, Vivian, 's very bad; it was Lord Courtown: didn't you hear him say that Frederick Cleveland was Lucifer.—He *is* Lucifer; he is, upon my honor—how shocking! What times we live in! To think of you, Vivian Grey; you, a respectable young man, with a worthy and respectable father; to think of you leaving your card at —— the Devil's!—Oh! shocking! shocking! But never mind, my dear fellow! never mind, don't lose heart.—I'll tell you what to do—*talk* to him, and by Jove, if he doesn't make me an apology, I'm not a Cabinet Minister. Good night, my dear fellow; he's sure to make an apology; don't be frightened; remember what I say, *talk* to him,—*talk*—*talk*."—So saying, the worthy Marquess reeled and retired.

"What have I done?" thought Vivian; "I'm sure that Lucifer *may* know, for I do not. This Cleveland is, I suppose, after all but a *man*. I saw the feeble fools were wavering; and to

save all, made a leap in the dark. Well! is my skull cracked? *Nous verrons.* How hot, either this room or my blood is! Come, for some fresh air; (he opened the library window) how fresh and soft it is! Just the night for the balcony. Hah! music! I cannot mistake that voice. Singular woman! I 'll just walk on, till I 'm beneath her window."

Vivian accordingly proceeded along the balcony, which extended down one whole side of the Château. While he was looking at the moon he stumbled against some one. It was Colonel Delmington. He apologised to the *militaire* for treading on his toes, and "wondered how the devil he got there!"

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY S. AND R. BENTLEY, DORSET STREET.